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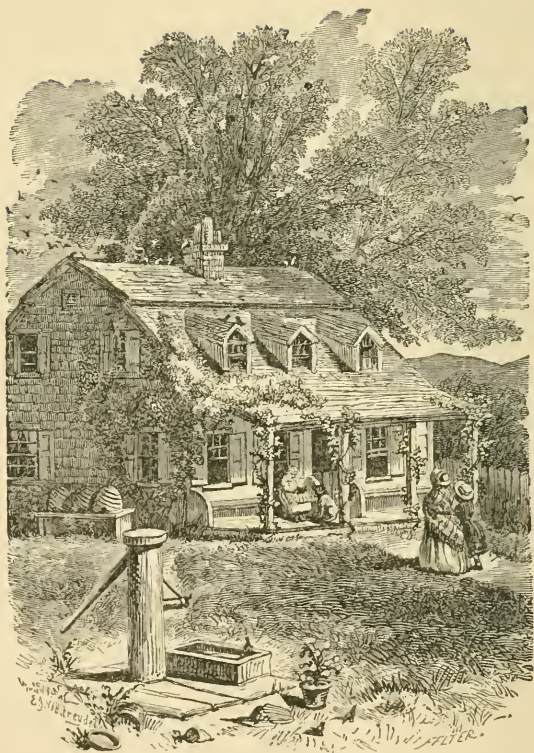












Amelia at Uncle George's.



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THE  
BRANDY DROPS

OR

CHARLIE'S PLEDGE

AND

THE TEMPERANCE BOYS

BY AUNT JULIA

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*ILLUSTRATED*

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NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON  
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# THE BRANDY DROPS

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE DRUNKEN WOMAN.

SCHOOL was out. It was half an hour later than usual, and Mrs. Martin was standing at the front door, looking for her little boys. Soon one of them, a sprightly lad of ten, came running up with his satchel of books. He had spied his mother, and hastened his steps to meet her.

"You are late home, my boy," was the mother's greeting.

Charlie raised his manly face to meet his mother's eye, with such a pleasant, truth-telling look, that she could not doubt his word as he replied :

"Yes, mother, the teacher kept us half an hour to teach us a new song."

"But I thought," said the mother, "that I saw you loitering down the street; and here comes Eddie, who stood there even longer than you."

As she spoke a delicate little boy, two years younger than Charlie, came up and put his hand into that of the lady, and all three went into the house together.

"Indeed, mother," said Eddie, as they pulled off their caps, and came into the family parlor, "I did not think I was stopping there so long; we were just looking at a poor woman that was going by on a cart. Did you see her, mother? O she did look so bad! She had on no bonnet or shawl, and her hair was all down around her face."

"Yes, and she tried to get up," said Charlie; "she reached out her hand, and raised herself a little, and then she fell back; and her face was all swollen up so that she could not more than half open her eyes. What was the matter with her, mother? I never saw anybody look so bad before!"

"I suppose, my child, that she had

been drinking," replied Mrs. Martin, slowly.

"What! was she drunk?" exclaimed both the boys at once. "Well, if I had known that she was only a drunkard," added Charlie, "I should not have minded her."

"I think," said Eddie, "that she was not a drunkard; she was a woman, and she must have been sick, or may be she had been hurt in some way."

"Eddie, what makes people drunk?" inquired the mother.

"Why, drinking wine, and rum, and brandy, or some such thing, I suppose," was Eddie's reply.

"Well, then, if a woman drinks those things, what is to prevent her becoming a drunkard?"

"But, mother, women never do drink such things, do they?"

"Sometimes they do, Eddie."

"Well, it is only wicked women that do so," said Charlie.

"Perhaps they were good once," replied the mother; "they might have begun by

taking a little because they thought it would do them good. If I should do so too when I feel sick or tired, perhaps I might one day appear as badly as the woman on the cart did."

"O mother, you never will do that, will you?" said Eddie in a tone of deep concern. "What would we do if you should?"

"And what do you suppose that poor woman's children do?" replied Mrs. Martin.

"Has she any children?" asked Charlie.

"I do not know, Charlie; she may have children that require a mother's care quite as much as my little boys do."

"But you never do drink any such thing, I know; do you, mother?" inquired Charlie.

"Why not?" responded the mother.

"But you won't for our sakes, mother; say you won't," pleaded the child; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he hid his face in his mother's lap, and his whole frame shook with emotion as he added: "I never could bear to see my mother looking so!"

Little Eddie cried too, and Mrs. Martin herself was deeply moved. She raised her little Charlie, and wiping away his tears, said :

"No, my son, I think you need not be afraid ; your mother has promised never to drink any such thing. She signed the pledge some years ago, and so did your father, and grandfather, and Uncle George, and sister Amelia ; and I want you and Eddie to sign it too, by and by."

"What is the pledge, mother ?" asked Eddie.

"It is promising never to drink anything that can make you drunk, and writing it down on a piece of paper, and signing your name to it."

"O mother," said Charlie, "we shall never drink anything to make us drunk !"

"Yes," chimed in Eddie, "I'd promise that very quick."

"Then we will make arrangements to have you both sign the pledge, if you wish to," was Mrs. Martin's reply. She thought it best for them to understand its meaning and something of its importance,

before they made such a promise. And she was right, for they would be much more likely to keep it, and feel it binding upon them.

“Why all so sober?” cried Mr. Martin coming in just at this time.

The boys both ran to meet their father, and soon they were seated one on each knee, telling all they had seen and heard, while their mother went to bring little Winslow from the nursery. He was the baby, a cunning little fellow just running alone, and answering to the call of “Winnie.” When the father came home late in the afternoon, Winnie was always brought down from the nursery, and the whole family were together for the evening meal.

“Papa, papa!” cried the little fellow, and the two older brothers cheerfully jumped down, and lifted the little one into papa’s lap, while they drew up chairs to his side.

“So,” said Mr. Martin after all was arranged, “you have been promising never to drink anything that will intoxicate.”

"*Intoxicate!* what is that, father?" inquired Eddie.

"It means to make drunk, my son. Any liquor that makes people drunk or tipsy intoxicates them, and is called an intoxicating drink. So when people take the pledge, they promise not to drink anything that will intoxicate. Then if they keep their promise they never become drunk or tipsy."

"O father!" said Charlie, "I think it would be a good thing for that woman to sign the pledge. I wish I knew where she lives, and I would try to get her to sign it. It would do her children so much good."

"True," said Mr. Martin, "it would be a good thing for her and a great many others like her to sign the pledge. But it would be very difficult for them to keep it, because they have learned to love strong drink. The best way is for people to promise while young never to drink, and then they will not learn to love it. Shall I tell you of a little sailor boy who took the pledge from his mother's lips once?"

"O yes, do!" said both the boys, at once.

“Well, this little boy lived among the green hills of Vermont. Who can tell me where Vermont is?”

“It is one of the New-England states, and is nearly north of here,” replied Charlie.

“And how much sea-shore has it?”

Charlie thought it had about eighteen miles, but Eddie, who had just been studying about it, and had a very good memory, was sure it had none.

“Eddie is right this time,” said the father; “and although this little boy was a long way from the ocean, he took it into his head that it would be the nicest thing in the world to be a sailor. Nothing else would satisfy him. His father and mother were poor, and he their only child. It was hard parting, but they could not deny him what he wished so much. Besides, too, he had so many plans in his head for helping them by and by, when he should have earned a great deal of money, and come back to them. His little bundle of clothing was made up, and on a bright spring morning he stood



here by the cottage-door, with his hand in that of his mother, and the big tears were in his eyes as she gave him the parting kiss.



“ ‘My son, said she, ‘I have never seen the ocean, but they tell me that the great temptation of the sailor is strong drink. Now promise me, my son, that you never will touch it.’

“He did promise. He went to sea. He passed through sunshine, storm, and shipwreck. He sailed the broad world over; to Valcutta, to the Mediterranean, and to the northern and the southern oceans, to the Cape of Good Hope, and to

San Francisco. He saw his fellow-sailors drink and they seemed to enjoy it, and they offered it to him; but in all his travels, wherever he saw the glass of liquor, his mother's form at the door of his home would seem to come up before him, and he never touched it, never once tasted it. And when at the age of sixty he said, 'I can say that my lips are innocent of the taste of strong drink.'

"He is now rich and a captain; while his parents lived he sent back money enough to make them comfortable."

"That was good of him, father; don't you think so?" said Charlie.

"I do, my child. But that was not all. He was once on a ship where a sailor came on board drunk. Every one else kicked the poor fellow around, but our captain took him into his own cabin, and kept him there until he had slept off the intoxication. Then he asked him if he had a mother. The poor man said that she died when he was very small. So the captain told him of his mother, and the promise that he made her at the cottage

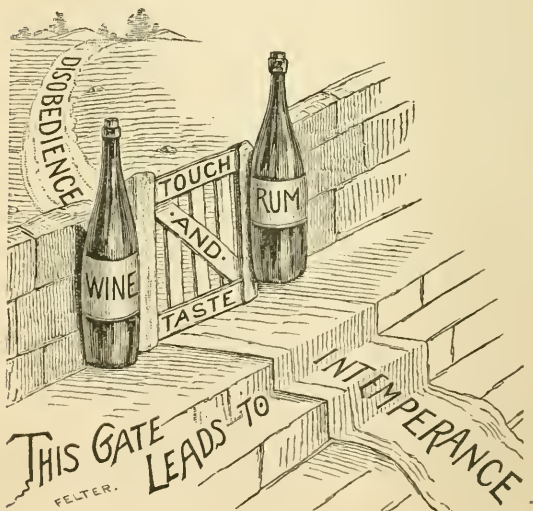
door. The story so affected the poor sailor that he gave up drinking. That was some years ago. A few days since this sailor called on the captain, and told him that he was still a sober man, and had become master of one of the finest packets that sails out of New-York.

That man, it seems, learned to break off his bad habit; but the best way is to keep clear of it, as the Vermont boy did. Now if you sign the pledge while you are boys, before you have ever touched it, then you can have it to say, like the captain, "I know not even how it tastes!"

Charlie and Eddie both thought they would like to do so, and their mother proposed that father should bring home some cards with the pledge on them the next day, some pretty ones that would be worth keeping.

You may be sure that both the boys were much pleased with this arrangement, and after supper they went up stairs to their own little room. There they had each a table and stool, and a set of shelves where they kept all their books. Charlie

said he would put his pledge away in the table-drawer, but Eddie thought the nicest place would be on the top of the shelves, where he could look at it every time he came into the room. This was a fine idea, but Charlie made sport of it, saying, "Just as if a body were afraid of breaking it! Why, do you suppose there is any danger of my being a drunkard?"



## CHAPTER II.

## THE POWER OF RIDICULE.

THE next morning on their way to school they overtook Clifford Nash, a school-mate, some two or three years older than Charlie. He was a boy that had a very high opinion of himself and of his father's purse, and did not hesitate to laugh at anything that did not suit him. Now Charlie had one serious fault. He may have had several, for aught I know, but this one was worse than any other: he was afraid of being laughed at. He would have preferred that Clifford should not know anything about their signing the pledge. But just as soon as they were within hearing Eddie sung out: "Say, Cliff, we are going to sign the temperance pledge! Father is going to get us some nice copies of one."

"The what!" exclaimed Clifford, turn-

ing on his heel, and stopping short before them with an air of surprise.

"Why, the temperance pledge!" continued Eddie in his simplicity. "We are going to promise never to taste anything that would make anybody drunk, just as the little sailor boy did; are we not, Charlie?"

"O, nonsense! what of it?" exclaimed Charlie in a pet. "Why can you never hold your tongue?"

"Vinegar and pepper!" cried Clifford. "What is the matter? Been taking a little drop too much, I suppose, and father has found it out, and is afraid his son will learn to dissipate, so he wants him to take the pledge, eh?" and he gave Charlie a nudge with his elbow.

Charlie was too much surprised to reply at once, and he stood looking at him in silence. This was answered by a taunting laugh from the young lad, who added, "Wonder, how I found it out, eh?"

"It is no such thing?" returned Charlie indignantly. "There is not a word of truth in it."

"O no, of course not!" retorted Clifford. "He wants you to take the pledge just for nothing. But you need not be so huffy about it. A plagued bit do I care when I am found out. And my pop knows better than to try to get me to sign the pledge, for I'd break it every day. Do you suppose I would go without my wine after dinner?" said he, drawing himself up pompously. "Perhaps you never tasted of wine. Don't have it at your table, do you?"

"No, indeed!" replied Eddie, speaking up bravely, "and I hope we never shall."

"You!" said Clifford with a sneer. "What do you know about it? Just wait till you get off your frocks, won't you?"

"I know that wine and brandy do a great deal of mischief in the world, but I do not mean they shall ever hurt me," replied the boy.

"Quite a preacher to be sure!" was the reply. But Eddie cared very little for his sneers. A good thing it is for man or boy if he dare say and do what is right without being moved by ridicule.

By this time they were in the school room, and the bold, bad boy, Clifford, cried out :

“Halloo, boys! want to see the elephant? Here are two little chaps so far gone that they have to turn teetotalers and take the pledge; ha! ha! ha!” and the rude fellow laughed at his own insolence.

Just now the teacher entered, and the noise was somewhat hushed; but some of the scholars gathered around the three boys. Clifford went on with his nonsense, but Charlie turned away in a pet, without answering any of their questions.

“What is it, Eddie?” inquired Jamie Williams.

“Why, I told Cliff that Charlie and I were going to sign the pledge, and he is making a great fuss about it, and says that it is because we have been getting tipsy; but it’s no such thing.”

“Well, then, what do you want to take the pledge for?” asked Jamie

“Why, you see, it is just a promise that we never will drink anything to make



as tipsy," replied Eddie. "Father told as last night about a sailor boy that promised his mother, before he went away, that he never would drink. And he never did; and by and by he got to be a captain."

"Tell me all about it," said Jamie

So Eddie told him what he could remember of the story. "And now," said he, "I'd like to have it to say when I'm sixty years old, that I have never tasted liquor."

"Haven't you tasted it already?" asked Jamie.

"Why, no!" said Eddie, looking quite surprised, as if the thing was impossible.

"Then all I have to say is, that you do not know how good it is."

"Why, have you ever drank any?" inquired Eddie in his turn.

"Yes, indeed; I have drank lager beer, and it is first-rate. To be sure it tastes quite bitter at first, but then I thought it must be good, for you know so many men drink it, and I like it now. It is first-rate."

"Does your father know that you take it?"

"No, he don't know anything about it; but then he takes a little himself now and then."

"Your father drink!" exclaimed Eddie.

"Yes, he takes brandy, or porter, or something nice; but it is all the same, and it is just as good for me as for him. He takes it when he comes in from the shop at night, just for medicine, he says. You see that is enough to show that he thinks it is good, and I'm bound I'll have some too."

"How can you get it? Does your father give it to you?"

"He? Not a drop of it. I 'spect he would lick me if he knew that I took it. It is when mother sends me to the corner grocery that I get it. When the men drink off their beer there is almost always some left in the mugs, and so I drink it up; and once or twice Peter gave me a glass all to myself."

The signal for silence was now heard, and it found quite a number of boys in

that school-room thinking about the subject of Temperance, and many of them came to the conclusion that Charlie and Eddie did quite right in signing the pledge. At recess Clifford tried to get up a nickname for the two boys. He called them cold-water boys, but it did not go very well. Very few of the boys really liked Clifford, and besides they had learned by this time that Charlie and Eddie had not been getting tipsy. So there was very little said on the subject, though the most that was said was on the wrong side. It is a bad way of doing things, I know, but somehow it is a fact, that good boys are not as bold to talk out for the right, as bad boys are for the wrong. I wish it were not so; but I do not know how it can be helped, unless good boys will talk right out what they feel, and not be afraid. And I am sure they have not half so much to be afraid of as bad boys have. The very feeling that they are right ought to be enough for them.

Charlie was very ill-natured all day

It was very unwise in him to be so, for many of the boys would have taken his part if he had shown a little more lovable temper about it. You may depend upon it that it is very poor policy to be ill-natured. Smiles are cheap; they make the one who smiles happy, and win him a great many friends. But it is hard work to be cross; it makes one feel so tired and uncomfortable!

Charlie was in no mood to be pleased with the pretty cards which his father brought home that evening. He did not venture so far as to speak crossly about them, but he paid the least possible attention to them, and said nothing.

Eddie was delighted with them, as well he might be. They were each larger than his two hands, with red and blue and green letters on them, and read thus:

“We do hereby pledge ourselves to abstain entirely from the purchase, sale, and use of intoxicating drinks, except for mechanical or medicinal purposes. We also pledge ourselves not to offer them to our

friends, excepting for these purposes ; and we will by all suitable means exert our influence against their use as a beverage, in the nation and in the world."

---

"And here is a place for the name!" said Eddie joyously. "O, father, how very kind you are!"

"But what is the matter with you, Charlie?" inquired Mr. Martin. "Don't you like your pledge, my son?"

Charlie looked confused. He did not know what answer to make to this kind appeal. But it so happened that he was not obliged to say anything, for just then there was a loud ring at the door, and in another moment their sister Amelia bounded into the room, followed more leisurely by their Uncle George. She was very glad to see father, and mother, and her little brothers ; and they in turn were very glad to see her.

She had been away from home two months, visiting at Uncle George's. She did not expect to remain so long, but she had found her dear grandmother in poor

health, and very glad of her company; so she had remained, with the consent of her parents. She would read to the dear old lady, talk with her, sing to her, and take her out in little walks around the yard, and accompany her in her morning drives. It is delightful to see the young giving up their own pleasure, and spending their time in comforting the lonely homes of the aged.

As the fall advanced and the weather became cooler, grandmamma's health was better, and it was thought best that Amelia should come home and go to school. So home she came, and Uncle George with her. And what a time they did have talking about the good folks at home, the little cousins, the favorite pony, and I know not what all!

At any rate the pledges were forgotten for that night, only Eddie took the precaution to put his up in the bookcase. Charlie carelessly laid his down on the table. While they were all so busily talking with Uncle George and sister Amelia, little Winnie, who was just tall

enough to pull things off the table, reached up his chubby little hand and made a prize of the colored card. Then he sat down just under the table to look it all over with his baby eyes, and drool on it, and poke it over with his wet baby fingers; and O how pretty he did think it was! And nobody saw him, at least no one said anything about it, or took it away from him; but I think that Charlie felt a little guilty when he went to bed that night, and it was some time before he went to sleep.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE BRANDY DROPS.

It was late when Charlie awoke the next morning, but he had not slept off the ill-nature of the day before. The remembrance of its events hung gloomily over his young heart, that ought to have been rejoicing like a lark in the bright sunshine of that happy morning. The breakfast bell rang before he was half dressed, and when he ran down stairs, his ill-humor was in no way appeased by learning that his Uncle George had already left in the early train. He came near being sent away from the table for making his sister a short answer.

What can be the matter with the usually amiable Charlie? Ah, he is not his own master; he has not the manly independence that dares to do right. He does not exactly wish to do wrong, but he is afraid



of being laughed at if he does right. This man-fearing spirit will make Charlie a great deal of trouble through life, if he does not get rid of it.

After prayers Eddie ran to get his temperance pledge to show it to his sister. In passing through the room to the bookcase, what should he see but his brother's card on the carpet, torn and soiled. On his return he brought it to Charlie, saying :

"See here, I found your card all torn, under the table."

"Why, what does that mean?" inquired his mother.

"I put it on the table, and I suppose Winnie got hold of it," was Charlie's reply, but his face turned red.

"Well, that is a pity, certainly, but you should not have put it there," was the kind mother's remark. "Your father will not be pleased with your carelessness, nor very willing to get you another one"

Charlie ventured no reply, but in his wicked little heart he thought that would just suit him.

As the day passed on he could not get

rid of the feeling that he had not acted a truthful part that morning toward his mother. It was in vain he tried to persuade himself that he did not tell a lie. He did tell her that he supposed Winnie had done it. But did he suppose any such thing? No; he *knew* that Winnie did it; he tried to deceive his mother by making her think that he knew nothing about it. That was, to all effects and purposes, telling a lie; he had done wrong, and he knew it. I do not wonder that he felt bad.

At recess that day a boy named Jefferson Townley, one of Clifford's friends, came up to Charlie and said tauntingly, "So you have been signing the pledge! How do you feel after it, eh?" and more talk of the same kind, until Charlie was quite out of patience, and broke out with a denial of signing the pledge altogether. Upon this Clifford called him a liar, and referred to Eddie to prove his signing the pledge. But Eddie was not to be found, and Charlie finished by declaring again that he had not signed the pledge, and

what was more, he did not intend to. He had torn it up, and that was the end of it.

"Well," said Clifford, "you are a tee totaler any how; you told me so yesterday."

"It is no such thing!" was Charlie's short reply. "I did not say anything about signing the pledge, or being a tee-totaler either."

"Well, Eddie said so if you did not."

"I have nothing to do with what Eddie said. He can answer for himself."

"Come, now, you need not be so crusty about it. I dare say you would not take a drop if your life depended on it. For my part I think it is really mean to be obliged to promise not to take a drop, just as if you were afraid to trust yourself. Now I've learned to take just enough and know when to stop," said the little big man with an important air.

"I am just as free to drink as you are," was Charlie's boastful answer.

"I dare you to do it," said Jefferson. "You would not even venture to eat a brandy drop."

“Just try me,” said Charles. Poor boy! He had forgotten the petition, “Lead us not into temptation.” He thought he would just take enough to show them that he was not afraid to do it. But there was no moral courage about that; he would have shown much more if he had boldly stood up for his temperance principles.

Jefferson ran for the candies, and when he came back reached out a handful to Charlie, who offered to pick up one. Clifford seeing this, burst into a loud laugh, saying: “I told you so. See! the fellow is afraid of them. Take a lot of them, boy.”

So he took them, and the others took some also, to show their bravery. When he had eaten those, he must needs take more, for they were just as ready to laugh at him now as at the first. Truly, the fear of ridicule is a very hard master. They all watched him and kept him eating until the school-bell rang, which put an end to their sport, or I do not know but they would have killed the poor little coward.

After Charlie returned to his seat, he began to feel very bad. He knew that he had been doing very wrong. What would his father and mother say if they found it out? He hoped they would never know anything about it. He was glad that Eddie did not see him eat them. But suppose some of the boys should tell Eddie, and he was quite sure they would. He looked toward Clifford, and his glance was met with a teasing smile, and a motion toward the cheeks. Charlie put up his hands and found them burning hot. His head seemed heavy and ready to burst, and now a faint suspicion crossed his mind that this was the effect of the brandy. But he could not think much about anything. The room seemed full of strange sounds, and the teacher a great way off. Some of the boys looked as big as horses, and appeared to be making faces at him, and finally all seemed to fade quite away.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CHARLIE'S REPENTANCE.

WHEN Charlie next knew anything of what was going on about him it was evening, and he found himself in bed at home. His head ached dreadfully, and he felt so tired that he could hardly stir. He tried to think what had happened, but only remembered some one teasing and trying to waken him. He felt very miserable and very thirsty. He rolled up, his aching eyes and saw his mother sitting near the head of the bed.

"Mother," he said faintly, "I would like some water."

It was given him and he drank eagerly. How cooling it was to his burning frame.

"Mother, what has happened? How did I come here?"

"Don't you know, my son, anything about it?"

"No, mother, I do not."

"Well, think about it a little, and perhaps you will remember."

He closed his eyes wearily and turned his face toward the wall. The bad feeling in his stomach soon reminded him that he had been eating something. Slowly the facts came up before his mind one by one—Clifford teasing him about the pledge, the brandy drops that he had eaten, his bad feelings afterward. Was it possible that he had been *drunk*? Did his parents know what was the matter with him? And his teacher and school-mates must all have known about it, for he remembered that it came on in the school-room. And this, too, after all his talk about temperance, and his repeated assertion that there was no danger in his case.

Then came up before his mind the picture of the woman on the cart. Was it possible that he had come home to his mother looking and acting like her? and that, too, after what had been said about it. What would they all think of him

How could he look them in the face again. Such were the bitter thoughts that ran through his mind.

By and by the door opened, and he knew his father's step. Mr. Martin came to the bedside, and said, "Charles, my son," and O how full of grief was the sound of his voice. Charles looked up for a moment, and then his eyes dropped, and he hid his face in the bed-clothing. He had nothing to say. A half-suppressed groan escaped the father, and after a few minutes he left the room.

Then came his mother and brushed back the heavy masses of hair, and bathed his forehead in ice-water, and as her cool fingers rested on his burning temples, he felt, O how sorry, that he had ever grieved such a kind mother.

"My mother, my dear mother!" he murmured, throwing his arms around her neck; "I am so sorry! I did not mean to do so, indeed I did not," and then came a gush of tears.

He felt the kiss of forgiveness on his cheek, and he felt also the warm tear.



drops fall, and he knew that his mother was weeping for him.

"Now, my son," said the quiet voice of his mother, "you are sick, and must rest. Think no more of this till you are better."

"But, mother, suppose I should die. You will forgive me, now won't you, mother? I have been so naughty; and I never, never will grieve you so again, if I should live to be a hundred years old."

"Well, then, my son, let me know how it all happened."

So in sorrowful words and broken sentences Charlie related all that he could remember of the occurrences of the day.

"And who was the one mostly to blame in all this?" inquired the mother.

"It was I, mother. I know it was all my own fault; but I did not dream of such a thing as this." He faltered, and again he burst into tears.

"No, my son," said his mother soothingly; "I do not suppose that you had any such purpose. But do you not see that it all results from fear of being

laughed at? You had no wish to be really on the side of wrong, and yet you had not the courage to come out and declare yourself on the side of right. That is just what ruins so many persons. They cannot boldly say No! when asked to take a drink. So that my dear boy has really taken the same first step that has made so many drunkards."

"O mamma, I am not going to be a drunkard," sobbed Charlie.

"I hope not, my son; and yet how can I be sure of it, if you are so much afraid of ridicule?"

The little boy made no reply to this for some minutes. At last he said:

"Well, mother, I will try and not care what they say, so long as I know that I am in the right."

"That is just what I wish, my child," said the mother, caressing him tenderly; "and you have my entire forgiveness."

"Can I not see father now?" inquired Charlie.

His mother left the room, and after a few moments returned with his father

The latter had a short talk with his little boy, which ended by his saying :

“ Yes, my son, I freely forgive you the past, but I shall wait with some anxiety to see whether your conduct will show that I can fully trust your promises for the future. But you must not forget that you have sinned against God, that you must ask his forgiveness, and that you must not undertake to do any good thing in your own strength.”

The father left the bedside, and the son closed his eyes in prayer.

The next day, which was Friday, Charlie was much better, but did not leave the house. They were all very kind to him, his parents, Amelia, and Eddie ;— but not a word was said about the doings of the day before. Charlie was sober and thoughtful, and spent most of the day in reading, or amusing his little baby brother. Toward night his father came in, and sitting down he drew Charlie gently between his knees and folded his arms around him. What a nice, quiet place that was !

"How does my son feel to-night?" inquired the father gently.

"A great deal better, father," was the reply.

Finally, after a long pause, Charlie said :

"Father."

"What is it, my son?"

"I was thinking if I could only always have your arms around me so, how very easy it would be never to do wrong."

"And what else did you think?"

"O, I know that you cannot always be with me."

"No; and what follows then?"

"I suppose I must learn to take care of myself."

"That is it, my child. I may be able to do very much for you now, but the time will come when you must altogether take care of yourself. You must learn to judge for yourself, and act for yourself, or you will be always getting into trouble."

"Yes, father; and I have been thinking all day how foolish I was to care at all for what the boys said, so long as I knew that I was in the right."

"True, my child ; and how could you, when you knew that your heavenly Father was watching over you, and willing to keep you, whose arms, if you would permit, would be thrown about you all the day, and encircle you much more closely even than mine do now."

"O father, I would like to be kept so ; but how can I? I want to do right, but just so soon as I think that anybody is looking at me, and making sport of me, I forget all about doing right."

"You must go to God, my child, and tell him all about it. He sees all your trouble, and knows how to pity and help you. Then all through the day you must remember that God is close by you, and you must try to please him. You must watch yourself carefully, and try to think more about God than about those that are laughing at you."

"I will try to do so, father. But what did my mother mean last night when she said that I had taken the same first step that made so many drunkards?"

"I suppose she meant that you had

yielded the first time through fear of being laughed at."

"Is that the way with everybody?"

"Not with everybody. But people commence drinking in that way, perhaps, more frequently than in any other. Shall I tell you a story of such a case?"

"Yes, father, do if you please."

"Some years ago, in the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, there were some young people out on a holiday excursion. It was the birthday of Queen Victoria. These young people were going on a sailing excursion. It was a very bright, pleasant morning, and as some of them stood there talking on the deck in the best of spirits, one of the young men brought along a bottle of whisky and a glass.

"'Here, my pretty miss, is a glass to drink your health,' said he to one of them

"'O no,' she replied. 'I have signed the pledge.'

"'Beg your pardon,' said he, turning around; 'I hope this other lady is not a teetotaler.'

"'Not at all,' replied the young man



that was with her. ‘Sally and I both know how to drink just enough to do us good, without taking too much ; and that is the way to do it, I think.’

“As he said this the young stranger raised the full glass to Sally’s lips. She just tasted it, and was turning away, when her companion said, ‘Tut, Sally, you are not afraid of one glass, surely ; one will not

hurt you.' She really did not like to do it, but she yielded to their persuasions, and drank it off. She was afraid of being laughed at and called a teetotaler.

"After a month Sally and her young friend were married, and by and by her husband found that she began to love the vile stuff that he had once coaxed her to drink. Drunkenness in a woman is not so common as among men, but it seems even more horrible. It was in vain that her husband tried to dissuade her. She had drank to please him, and now she would drink to please herself. He signed the pledge hoping that she would do the same. But no; she grew worse and worse, and at last she died.

"The other girl and her companion were also married. They kept to their temperance principles, and tried to win others to their opinions, till finally the husband became a temperance lecturer. His house was the very picture of peace and happiness. Now, which way do you think was the best?"

"O, the last of course, a great deal



But did the pledge help them to do all that, father?" inquired Charlie.

"Yes, my boy."

"And do you suppose the pledge would really do me any good?"

"I think so."

"How, father?"

"Would you have ventured to take even one of those brandy drops, if you had promised to abstain from everything that would intoxicate?"

"I suppose not."

"You see, too, that would be sufficient excuse for all who might be asked to take any such thing. They have signed the pledge, that is enough."

"Then, father, I'd like to sign the pledge. I did not see before how it would be of any use to me. I thought it was only for men that could not stop drinking without making a promise not to touch it. That was what the boys said."

"If you would pay more attention to what father and mother say, and not mind the boys, you would generally find

yourself in the safest path. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, father, and I'd like to sign the pledge, if you will get me another instead of that one which was torn up."

"You shall have it to-morrow. But hark, there is the tea-bell."

"Wait, papa," said Charles, hanging back.

"What is it, my son?"

"I was very naughty about that card you brought me the other day. I saw Winnie when he tore it up, and I might have taken it away from him as well as not."

"Well, why did you not?"

"I was vexed about it, father, because Eddie had told at school that you were going to get the pledges for us, and the boys laughed at me."

"O my son!" said Mr. Martin, with great concern, "I am afraid you will be ruined, both for time and eternity by that fear of ridicule."

With tears Charles resolved to master that cowardly feeling, and he had the

satisfaction that evening of receiving the assurances of forgiveness from both his parents for the deception he had practiced. A great load was taken off his heart. But he felt chastened and subdued. His indiscretions had taught him a very good and sound lesson, through the after care and kindness of his parents; but I would not advise any of my young friends to learn in the same way, for it is very painful. Besides, we are taught in the good Book that we are not to do evil that good may come.

## CHAPTER V.

## TO SCHOOL AGAIN.

CHARLIE was no longer like the little boy that looked upon and admired the deadly serpent. He did not think it



courageous to stand by and watch it. He saw that true safety was found in fleeing from temptation. So when he went to school again on Monday morning, he had no more vain and boastful threats to deal

out. He made up his mind that if asked whether he had yet signed the pledge, he should tell them truly that he had. He felt as if he did not care if the whole world knew it. He expected they would a'l laugh at him, and if they had done so he would have been ready for them. But temptations do not often come in just the manner in which we look for them. So Charlie found it.

The boys said nothing to him about the affair, though some of them eyed him quite curiously. Charlie did not suspect the true reason of their silence; but the fact was, they were afraid that Mr. Martin would go to the teachers and school-officers and have them punished, perhaps dismissed from the school. So Charlie's courage had time to cool. After a few days, when they found that nothing was said about it, they came down on Charlie quite unexpectedly.

"Signed the pledge yet?" inquired Clifford. But Charlie was not entirely off his guard, and he answered: "Yes, I have."

“Should think it was about time,” was the taunting rejoinder.

“Mean to keep it now, I suppose?”

“Indeed I do,” replied Charlie.

“How does it feel to get drunk?” was the next insulting inquiry.

No reply.

“Won’t you take some more of the same sort?” inquired Jeff, as he offered a handful of the obnoxious drops.

“No, I thank you,” was Charlie’s polite reply, as he started for the school room.

“Dear me, how stiff,” exclaimed Clifford with a rough word. “See, boys, he is just like the monkey that got tipsy.”

“How was that?” asked two or three in a breath.

“Why, you see, the monkey must always do as he sees his master do; and one day he saw him, with some friends, drinking brandy; so he must drink some too, and he took off half a glass, a pretty good dose to begin on. Poor coot! Didn’t he cut such monkey-shines there for an hour as never a monkey cut before! It

made great sport for the fellows, and the next morning they wanted to see it tried over again. But Jack put up his hands to his head to show that it ached. O! say, Charlie, did you have the headache?"

Charlie said nothing, but he did remember well how severely his head ached, and now he knew that the pain was caused by the brandy.

"Go on! go on!" exclaimed two or three of the boys impatiently, and Clifford proceeded:

"His master ordered him to drink, and then he jumped for the window, and was up on the roof in a minute. He did not care for the whip, and when they pointed a gun at him he jumped into the chimney."

"Turned chimney-sweep," echoed some of the boys.

"Are you going to jump into the chimney?" inquired Clifford.

Charlie had been standing just ready to go into the house, but he knew if he did so it would only raise a laugh at his expense. Just as Clifford asked the question, he happened to think that it was

only through fear of being laughed at that he stood there. He remembered that he was on the side of right, and that his heavenly Father was looking at him to see if he would do right. So, looking up boldly at Cliff, he replied:

“Better jump into the chimney than make a fool of one’s self.”

This was an unexpected reply, and under cover of it Charlie walked quietly into the house.

“That monkey was not so big a fool after all,” said Jeff. “I’ll be hanged if I’d be made tipsy to cut capers for other folks.”

“All your nonsense don’t amount to much, Cliff,” said George Barker, one of the bigger boys. “Charlie has the best of it, and if he sticks to his pledge, and you stick to your brandy-drops, you will see a difference by and by.”

With this sage remark came the call of the school-bell, and they all went into the house.



## CHAPTER VI.

## JEFFERSON TOWNLEY.

JEFFERSON TOWNLEY was a witty, merry-making, cheerful lad of about twelve summers. He was a well-meaning boy, but he was so fond of sport that he sometimes fell into mischief, as we have seen in the case of the brandy drops. Besides, he was an orphan. If he had been under the care of a father like Mr. Martin, who would have watched over him and cultivated his mind and heart, he might never have been led to do so bad an act as tempting little Charlie. Those children who have the care of kind parents ought to look with charity on those whose parents death has taken away, for they are not likely to have such good advice or such kind care.

But Jeff, as he was called by the boys, had his thoughtful moments. Away back

in the past he remembered his mother laying her gentle hand upon his head, while he heard, in the low tones of her sweet voice : “ My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” There, too, was the good pastor, who had watched over him after the death of his mother, (for of his father he had no recollection,) and had talked with him of his future prospects, and how he hoped one day to see him a worthy, noble man. But the country pastor was not able to take the poor lone boy entirely into his own little fold, which was already pretty well filled with hungry lambs. Still, there he remained, until a merchant from the city, who was visiting in the vicinity, and was pleased with the boy’s appearance, proposed to take him into his family. Here he was to be cared for and educated till he was fifteen, and then he was to enter the gentleman’s store as a clerk.

This merchant’s name was Arthur. He was a frank, good-hearted man, but very much engaged in business. He did not seem to think that the young lad wanted

paternal advice with regard to his associates, and if he knew that he associated with Clifford Nash, I suppose he would have thought it all well enough. Mr. Nash was a rich merchant, and in no bad repute, and Mr. Arthur inquired no further.

But it is not riches alone that makes either the boy or the man. Clifford Nash was a spoiled child, puffed up with ideas of his own importance, and bent on the indulgence of his own appetites and wishes at any cost. His papa had but one thought, and that was to make money; while his gay and indulgent mamma was bent on spending money and killing time. Clifford was her pet, and nothing that he wanted must be denied him, however injurious.

Mrs. Nash had taught her son from infancy to love the wine cup that made its daily appearance on the dinner table. At first it was sweetened and fed to him with a spoon. Of course he learned to love it, and as he grew older he would have more, and was admitted to a share of his father's morn-



ing glass. His father thought it rather cunning to see a little boy drink so boldly, and the mother's weak remonstrances were of little avail, and her frequent repetitions of, "It will certainly make you tipsy," only familiarized the boy with the word till he no longer dreaded "being tipsy." The next step was to get tipsy just a little, to spend his pocket money for drink when he could not get it at home, and of course he smoked cigars too, and altogether he considered himself quite

a fast young man, though not yet out of short jackets. But what do you think of him, boys? I don't believe you would care to imitate his example, especially if you could see him about ten years hence, supposing he lives so long. Fast boys and fast young men go fast to an early and dishonorable grave, and Bible-reading boys cannot help seeing that they go quite too fast into the presence of an angry God.

But what kind of a lad was this Clifford Nash to associate with the well-meaning Jefferson Townley? Jeff knew very well what kind of a lad he was, but he had not stopped to think of the consequences of being so intimate with him. George Barker's words had arrested his attention: "You will see a difference by and by." What would that difference be? "Now, I know," said he to himself, "that if there is going to be much difference, it is Charlie Martin that will be the man if he sticks to his pledge. He is getting over his fear of being laughed at, and I like him better than I ever did before. It was really

mean of me to offer him those brandy drops." Here the train of Jeff's thoughts was broken off by a call to recitation, and in another hour school was dismissed.

"Say, Jeff," hallooed Clifford, as they were leaving the school; "I thought you were going with me to-night."

"Going where?" shouted Jeff in return, well knowing that Cliff would not answer at that distance, in the presence of the teacher; for it was to a very low place of public amusement that Clifford had been proposing to go.

And indeed before the latter had made up his mind what answer to make, Jeff was out of sight; and he muttered with a rough word some wonder at "what was in the wind now, that Jeff should be tagging after that silly Charlie Martin."

But so it was; and before the brothers were half way home Charlie was surprised by a hearty slap and a pull on the shoulder, and Jeff, all out of breath with running, stopped at his side.

Charlie shrank from this new trial, as he feared it was, for though he was thank-

ful for having passed one storm so safely, he was not at all prepared for another that night. Imagine his surprise, then, as Jeff sung out :

“ Well, Charlie, you did first-rate to-day, did you not ? shut up Cliff completely ! ”

Charlie’s blue eyes opened wide in amazement, for he had thought Jeff quite as bad as Cliff.

“ Don’t wonder you are surprised, Charlie. It was too bad in me to offer you those brandy drops. I’ve been thinking about it ever since, and I know that you are in the right, and Cliff is in the wrong ; and I’m afraid he’ll turn out bad some day. But there is no danger of you, if you stick to the pledge.”

“ Why,” said Charlie, “ what do you mean by Cliff’s turning out bad ? ”

“ Because he likes wine and brandy so well now that he cannot let them alone, how much worse will it be when he gets to be older, and can get as much of them as he likes ? ”

“ Do you think Cliff will be a drunkard ? ” asked Charlie seriously.

"Of course I do. How can he help it if he goes on so?"

"You won't, will you, Jeff?" said Charlie, with a sudden confidence inspired by the young lad's conversation.

"No," replied Jeff; "I am going to sign the pledge."

"You!" exclaimed Charlie.

"Yes, I; do you suppose I want to be a drunkard?"

What a moment was that for Charlie! Only to think that Jeff was coming over to his side; to have it acknowledged by one he had considered an enemy, that he was right, and that Clifford, from whose presence he had been almost willing to creep, through the power of ridicule, that Clifford was wrong. And here too was one of the first scholars in school following his example and taking the pledge. So absorbed was he in these thoughts that he did not see that he had reached home, till Eddie pulled his hand, saying:

"Come, Charlie, why don't you come in?"

"Wait a minute," said Jeff; "where did you get your pledge?"



“I don’t know where it came from ; pa got it for me.”

“Will you ask him, and let me know to-morrow ? I want to get one that talks it out about right, and one that I can keep, too.”

“Yes, I’ll ask him,” replied Charlie ; and so with a merry “good-by,” a hop and a skip, Jeff ran off.

## CHAPTER VII.

## DEALING WITH TEMPERANCE MEN

AFTER the whole story of Jeff had been talked over that evening at the table, and the good effects of right example pointed out, Eddie spoke up :

“Yes, and there’s Jamie Williams ! He said, last Friday, when Charley was at home, sick, that he was half a mind to sign the pledge if Charlie did. He said he liked lager beer first-rate, but if his father knew that he drank it he would lick him. He did not know but he would half kill him.”

“Why, my son, do you use such language,” exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

“That is just what Jamie said, mother.”

“Very possibly ; still we do not want it repeated here. We shall talk no better than others if we repeat all that they say.”

“Where does Jamie get his lager beer. Eddie?” inquired Mr. Martin.

"He gets it at the corner, where his mother sends him for groceries. He sometimes goes two or three times a day, and gets a little almost every time. And twice the grocer gave him half a glass to himself."

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Martin, to his wife, "you see the danger of patronizing groceries where spirituous liquors are kept."

"I did not suppose there was so much danger," replied the lady. "I would not wish to expose even a servant to such temptations, nor would I have encouraged such dealers, nor helped them by my custom, if I had known them to be so unprincipled. I have excused myself for doing so occasionally when in a hurry, because it was so much further to the temperance grocery."

"Well, papa," said Amelia, "I have heard it said that prices are usually much higher at temperance groceries. I wonder if that is so."

"Perhaps it may be so, sometimes, but we must remember that the liquor-dealer

depends on his liquors for the most of his profits. If we get his groceries cheaper on this account we become a partaker in his evil deeds, and a sharer in the profits of his abominable traffic. But setting aside this view of the case, I presume that your mother would not risk the safety of any under her care by sending them to any place of danger."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Martin; 'our principles are against it. You remember that when we lived in the country we made it a point to deal with none but temperance merchants, and I think we had better return to our old landmarks, if it is a little more trouble."

"Father," said Charlie, "I have heard that lager beer will not make any one drunk."

"I have heard such statements too, my son, and I have taken pains to inquire into their truth. In return, I was assured by an intelligent druggist that it certainly does contain large quantities of alcohol, and has a very stupefying effect. The Germans, who drink it mostly, are not so

easily affected by it as some others, but if they drink enough of it they will get drunk on it, and they frequently do so. It is said to be less poisonous than many other alcoholic drinks."

"Why, papa, how are they poisonous," inquired Amelia.

"If they were pure, my child, they would be quite expensive, and they would yield but small profits, and secure but small sales. So the dealers add water to increase the amount; but as this would make them too weak, they must put in something to restore the taste and appearance. Among these substances used, are arsenic, burned sugar, logwood, alcohol, sugar of lead, nux vomica, and many many other poisonous substances. A large part of the so called wine sold in our city is supposed not to contain a single drop of the juice of the grape. Indeed, there is not so much of some kinds of wine made in the world as they pretend to sell in the city of New-York. It is almost impossible to get it pure, even for medicinal purposes. All these poisons have a horri

ble effect on those who drink them freely. They die off very quickly, sometimes in a few months, and suffer the most horrible agonies."

The next day Mr. Martin sent an invitation by Charlie for Jefferson to call in the evening. He did so ; and Mr. Martin told him that, having heard of his intention to sign the pledge, he wished the privilege of presenting him with a copy. Jefferson thanked the gentleman with his best bow. Mr. Martin soon made him at ease by his kind encouraging manner, and drew him out into a conversation, in which the young lad showed his good sense.

"Will you be so kind, sir," said Jeff, when there was a convenient pause, "as to explain to me one thing about this matter?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Martin, "if I am able to do so."

"Well, I was thinking over to-day the meaning of the word temperance, and I went to the dictionary. There I found that it meant moderation, and was used with

regard to eating as well as drinking. Now if it only means moderation in eating and drinking, I do not see how it prevents our eating and drinking moderately of whatever we choose. So will you please, sir, to tell me how temperance in drinking means letting liquors entirely alone."

"Your criticism is quite correct, my young friend," returned Mr. Martin. "The temperance reform was commenced by trying to induce people to use moderation in drinking, and so prevent the evils of intemperance. But the most of those who once commenced drinking, could never find the right place for stopping. So to effect the object of the temperance reform, they found that a promise must be made not to drink at all. The effort still went by the same name, and it is very nearly right, for true temperance certainly requires us not to drink at all of anything that will harm us. In Great Britain the name of total abstinence, or teetotalism is more generally used, and those who take the pledge are called teetotalers or abstainers."

"I am very much obliged for the explanation," returned Jeff.

"Why, my boy, do you not wish to take the total abstinence pledge?"

"O yes, sir, by all means; but I wanted to understand how the name and the thing agreed, so that I might know what I was about."

"That is right, my lad. You will keep clear of many difficulties in the world by that course. I suppose you will study that pledge, too, before you sign it."

"I will try to do so. Good evening, sir."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BIBLE ON TEMPERANCE.

“MOTHER, mother!” cried Charlie, a few minutes afterward, as he ran to the nursery. No mother was there. So he ran toward her bed-room.

“Mother!” he cried again.

“Mother is not here,” said a gentle voice. It was that of his sister Amelia. “Mother is in the parlor with company. My manly little brother ought to wait till he can get to the room, and not go all about the house calling for some one that is busy.”

“That is so!” exclaimed Charlie, throwing his arms around her neck, and imprinting a kiss on her cheek. “My good sister is always telling me something that would make me better, if I would only attend to it. But what are you and Eddie talking about here so busy?”

“O,” replied Eddie eagerly, “sister is telling me all the verses in the Bible about temperance, and you can’t think how many there are. It seems as if there was something in the Bible about all the good things in the world.”

“Yes; but, Master Eddie, you need not think you are going to have all these good



things to yourself,” said Charlie, throwing himself down on the carpet.

“We shall be very glad to have you share them with us,” replied Amelia. “I was just reading in Proverbs, where Solomon is telling his son not to drink wine.”

“Well, sister, did not Christ drink wine when he was on the earth, and did he not once turn water into wine?”

“True; but I heard our Sunday-school teacher say that was new wine, just the fresh juice of the grape, which was common drink in that country. It would not make anybody drunk. But when it stood a long time and fermented it had alcohol in it, and then it made people drunk, and then it would sparkle and look bright in the cup just as it says here.”

“Well, read on, sister; I won’t interrupt you again.”

So Amelia read from the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs:

“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?  
 who hath contentions? who hath babbling?  
 who hath wounds without cause? who  
 hath redness of eyes? They that tarry  
 long at the wine; they that go to seek  
 mixed wine.

“‘Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women; and thine heart shall utter perverse things.’”

“There,” said Amelia, “I guess that is all about that. O no, it is not. This is telling how he acts: ‘Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast. They have stricken me, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.’”

“Why, how true that is!” said Charlie, “even to the quarreling, for drunkards are famous for that, you know.”

“Then, too, I suppose that about the ship means that they reel about like a ship on the water.”

“Well, sister, does the Bible say anything about temperance; that is, about the drunkard?”

“Certainly,” was the reply. “Don’t

you remember when Paul was before Felix, and reasoned of righteousness, *temperance*, and a judgment to come, Felix trembled?"

"O yes!" exclaimed Charlie; "then Paul was a temperance lecturer, was he not? Well, that is worth all the rest. I wonder if that is all the temperance lecture that he ever gave."

"No; I think there were several others. There is one place, I know, where he says, 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.'"

Charlie now caught a glimpse of his mother coming in, and he jumped up and ran to meet her.

"O mother!" he said, "I am so glad that Jeff Townley is going to sign the pledge!"

"So am I," replied his mother; "for your sake as well as his own. It shows you the influence of one boy that dares to do right. And I am happy to see you in such good spirits; quite like yourself again," and the mother's fond kiss brought the tears to his eyes as he thought how

he had injured her feelings, and how fully she had forgiven him.

“What are you thinking of, Charlie?” inquired Mr. Martin the next morning after breakfast.

“I have been trying to think what could have started Jeff to sign the pledge. I would like to know of what use he thinks it will be to him.”

“I thought you were glad that he had signed the pledge.”

“So I am; but I’d like to know what he thinks about it, and if he supposes it will do him much good.”

“I can tell of some good that it would have done somebody if he had signed it some days ago.”

Charlie looked up inquiringly, and his father continued:

“He would not have given you those brandy drops, my son.”

“Why not, father?” inquired Charlie, looking a little confused at this allusion.

“Don’t you remember what your pledge says? I think you had better read it again.”

Charlie ran to get it, and soon exclaimed :

“ O yes, I see ! he would have promised not to offer it to his friends, and that is a good idea, for if one promises not to touch it himself, he ought not to offer it to his friends. But then, father, I was thinking how small a chance there was that so good a fellow as Jeff, one that knows so much, and is so well-behaved, should ever become a drunkard.”

“ Very true ; he might never become a drunkard ; yet there is no surety of that. Some of the most intellectual men have given themselves up to drink, and it has ruined them ; and sometimes they have sunk as low as the vilest street drunkards. Besides, wine often works mischief when it does not make drunkards. Do you know who was the last sovereign of France before Louis Napoleon ?”

“ It was Louis Philippe, was it not ?”

“ Yes ; and his eldest son was called the Duke of Orleans. This young man was looked upon as the heir of his father’s throne, and his excellent qualities made

him very much beloved and deservedly popular. He was handsome, intellectual, and noble. No one thought that he would fall a victim to wine ; indeed he never became intoxicated. But on one joyous occasion he drank one glass too much ; just one glass too much. On leaving the company he entered his carriage, and had not gone far when his horses took fright and ran. If he had been quite sober, he would have kept his seat, which is the safest course at such times ; but he jumped out. If he had not drunk too much wine he would have alighted on his feet ; as it was his head struck the pavement and he was killed. Ah, my son, you may be sure that the only safe way is not to touch it. If a promise will help us to avoid it, give the promise freely. And besides, I think it a noble thing for every one, man, woman, and child, to vow eternal hatred to the stuff that does so much mischief in the world."



## CHAPTER IX.

JAMIE WILLIAMS.

LET us visit the home of Jamie Williams. It is a pleasant place, clean and tidy; the mother a notable housekeeper, the father a hard-working mechanic. It is up two flights of stairs, but no matter for that; people in the city learn to climb stairs. To be sure the coal must be carried up, but that is soon done; and the water makes them no trouble, for the Croton carries itself up and down.

There are three children, of whom Jamie is the oldest; after him Sister Nell, and then comes little Richard, who goes by the name of Dickie. The latter, poor, tired little fellow, has been running the street all day in this truly cold autumn weather, and is now fast asleep on two chairs. The mother is bustling about getting supper, and Jamie and Nell, one on each side of

the stove in the chimney corner, are getting their lessons for the morrow.

Soon in comes the husband and father, bringing company for a variety. It proves to be a shopmate, who is to go with him up to the Crystal Palace in the evening to examine some machinery.

The company is left in the neat little keeping room, which is dignified by the name of front parlor, while Mr. Williams just steps for a moment into the back room, that answers at once for kitchen and dining-room; a few words with his good-hearted wife explain the nature of his visit. "Put on another plate, Mary; perhaps Mr. Price won't disdain a humble cup of tea with us."

Then going to the closet, he reached down a decanter partly filled with brandy, and putting it with two glasses on a small waiter, he returned with them to the parlor. Jamie had never seen such a movement before, and remembering all that he had heard about temperance at school of late, his curiosity was the more excited to know what his father was going to do.

So he listened carefully to all that was said, for as the door was left open he could hear every word of it from where he sat.

"Will you have a drop of the best brandy, Mr. Price, to cheer you up this evening?" asked Mr. Williams.

"No, thank you, I believe not," was the reply.

"You need not be afraid of it; 'tis the genuine article."

"Perhaps so, but I never take any. In fact, sir, it goes against my temperance principles."

"Not such a little bit as that, I hope," replied Mr. Williams, holding up about a gill in a tumbler.

"I think it best not to touch it, and then I know that I am safe."

"Well, now, I cannot carry the thing so far as that," was the reply of Mr. Williams. "I know that it does me good. I never have been in the habit of drinking, but I take a little, just for medicine, at night when I come in all tired out. I think people that work as hard as you

and I do need some stimulus Besides, you see that I am rather spare and thin blooded."

"Well, if you take it for medicine, why don't you take it in the same way, put it up in your medicine chest, and dose it out by the spoonful when it is needed? I suppose if you were taking regular doses of pills, or castor-oil, or even anything as good as extract of sarsaparilla, or hive syrup, you would hardly think of offering it to a visitor. I beg your pardon for the freedom of the remark, sir; I hope you will not take it amiss; I only just wanted to show you the difference."

"Now," said James to himself, "I shall know how to get a sup of that nice brandy; I can pretend to be sick."

"Yes," said Mr. Williams, continuing the conversation, "but you know that temperance people do not believe in taking it at all."

"We do not when we can do without it. We believe that it has its place in medicine and in the arts, but we never

take it so long as we can find anything else that will answer in its place. If we do take it, we do not make a constant use of it, any more than we would of castor-oil, or of laudanum, or opium, on which the Turk and the Chinaman get intoxicated. The latter is just as bad, but not quite so dangerous to us, because we do not abuse it so much as we do our intoxicating liquors."

"Well," responded Mr. Williams, "I cannot say that I like these temperance societies. They answer very well for the lower classes, who cannot control their appetites, but for an intelligent man who is in no danger of drunkenness to make a written promise that he will not touch a drop, just for nothing at all, I think is very foolish. Now it is not so in the old countries. The respectable part of the community, even the church-members and the ministers, have their ale and their wines, or whatever they want, and leave the temperance societies for the lower classes, who are in danger of killing themselves off with gin."

“Just allow me to ask one question, Mr. Williams. How much good do the temperance societies do among these lower classes?”

“As much as they do anywhere, I suppose, though I must say that they are pretty much a humbug wherever I have seen them. All these folks that make so much ado about temperance will take a drop themselves when they get behind the door.”

“Well, it may be so in the old countries; I won’t dispute, for I do not know; but it is not so here. The most of our professed temperance men are such really, and never taste a drop of intoxicating liquors, and do not have it in their houses excepting in camphor or essences, or for bathing. Some are so particular that they will not touch the stuff even when prescribed by the physician.”

“Pshaw!” said Mr. Williams; “how many such houses do you suppose there are in these United States?”

“Hundreds of thousands, sir, scattered all over the length and breadth of the

land. You must not judge the whole country by New-York city. We have too many foreign customs here. But let me tell you that your temperance societies in Great Britain will not be worth a straw till the respectable people set the example of joining them. The very reason that we have so many drunken foreigners here, Irish, English, German, etc., is because they have not been taught total abstinence at home by respectable people. Why, drunken foreigners outnumber drunken Americans here in our city ten to one."

I know not what answer Mr. Williams would have made to this, for he was English, and this speech did not please him; but just then his wife came in to greet their guest and invite him to supper, and there was no more said about the matter. He did not want to talk of such things before James, for he did not want him to learn to drink, and these feelings showed that he knew himself in the wrong.

James went with his father that evening up to the Crystal Palace, and in the ex-

citement of the pretty sights he forgot for the present all about the brandy.

A few days after this James, who had taken a violent cold, came down in the morning, looking rather poorly.

“What is the matter, my son?” inquired the father when he came in. “You don’t look well.”

James thought of the brandy in a moment, and said to himself, “Now is the time for it!” It is true he did feel bad, but I am afraid he made out the case worse than it was. His father pitied him, his mother petted him, and various remedies were proposed. It was finally decided that he should remain at home, and have a hot foot-bath, and drink thoroughwort tea, a very different medicine from the brandy, James thought, and he began to wish that he had made less ado about his cold. Finally, he ventured to ask if a little brandy would not do quite as well; but he received a very decided answer from his father, who told him that brandy was not made for little boys.

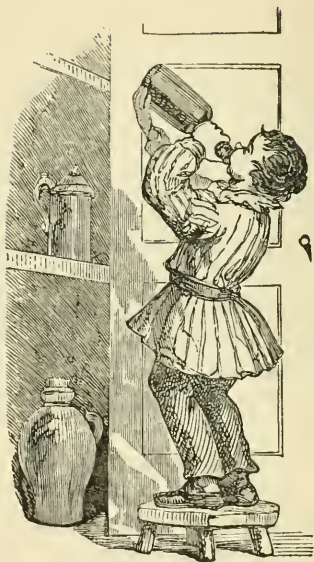
Soon his father went to his work, and



left poor Jamie with the bitter prospect of thoroughwort-tea before him. Nell had gone to school, Dickie was in the street again, Mrs. Williams was clearing away the breakfast, and Jamie was in the corner, thinking of what was in reserve for him, so soon as his mother should have time to go to the apothecary's and get the herbs.

"Scalded feet and thoroughwort tea!" said he to himself after she was gone. "Well, now that I am here all alone, what is to hinder my helping myself to some brandy? Nobody will be any the wiser for it."

He opened the closet door and brought a chair, on which he climbed; but that did not make him high enough to reach it. Then he brought Dickie's stool, which made him just high enough. But now, how should he take it? If he should use a tumbler, his mother would notice it. He would drink it out of the bottle. So he tipped it up further and further, and then there came so much of it, and so strong, that he was strangled, and, losing his balance, he fell backward. What a smash there was!



the upset stool, the sprawling boy, the broken decanter, and the spilled brandy!

Just then Mrs. Williams, returning from the apothecary's, opened the door.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed; "that beautiful decanter that my mother gave me!" and she stepped forward to

pick up some of the broken fragments. "How dare you?" said she, aiming a blow at James, who had by this time picked himself up; but the naughty boy dodged it, slipped out at the door, and running down the alley, was soon in the street.

Now what should he do? He could not go to school, for he had neither books nor hat, and he dared not go home again. But it was not the first time he had run away, and so he wandered off down to the docks and among the boats. The want of a hat troubled him for a while. He was afraid the police would pick him up as a vagrant and take him to the station-house. At last he fished an old one out of the dock and dried it in the sun, and this he thought better than nothing.

At home dinner-time came and went, but no Jamie. Mr. Williams seldom came home to dinner, but the mother knew that if James did not return before his father came home at night he would receive a severe beating.

I am sorry to say that she felt worse about this than she did about Jamie's

naughty deeds, for which he deserved flogging. It is really selfish in any parents who will not have their children punished when they deserve it, merely because it hurts their own feelings; but perhaps Mrs. Williams did not know any better; at all events she was to be pitied, as, from time to time, she went out to the street and looked anxiously up and down in vain for her child. Ah, very few children know how much trouble they make their parents.

Before night James began to have some better thoughts. If he had been a temperance boy he would not have feigned sickness for the sake of getting some brandy; he would not have broken the decanter, and run away. In short, he would have been at school, happy, neat, and clean, studying his lessons, instead of wandering about hungry, cold, and guilty, with the certainty of a sound flogging when he reached home. He came to the wise conclusion that the temperance folks were the best off by far. Then, too, if it was as Mr. Price said, about foreigners being opposed to temperance and Ameri



**MRS. WILLIAMS LOOKING FOR HER CHILD.**



cans being in favor of it, why, he ought to be in favor of it, for was he not an American, born on American soil? And this feeling, very common among the children of naturalized foreigners, was very strong with Jamie.

But at last, home he must go. He had found nothing all day to satisfy his hunger but a few half-rotten apples; and besides, he could not remain in the streets all night. He crept up the dark alley and up the stairs to the kitchen door. There was a light in the room. He opened the door carefully, but seeing his father sitting there reading his newspaper, evidently waiting for him, he turned and ran away. It was of no use; he was soon brought back, and O what a whipping he did get! And when he went sobbing, smarting, and supperless to bed, he could not help thinking of the Scripture in his last Sunday-school lesson: "The way of the transgressor is hard."

## CHAPTER X.

## A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY FORMED.

WHEN Jefferson Townley had studied his pledge, as he said, he found that he must promise not only that he would not use it himself nor offer it to his friends, but he must try to "abolish its use as a beverage from the nation and the world." He did not see how he could do that, and he did not like to promise anything that he could not perform. So he brought it to Charlie for an explanation, but Charlie had thought nothing about it. The next resort was that Charlie should ask his father. This was soon done.

"Why now," said Mr. Martin, "do you not suppose if you could get everybody to sign and keep such a pledge, that the world would soon be free from intoxication?"

"Yes, sir, I should think so," replied Charlie.



"Well, if you get all you can to sign it, and if you never drink, buy, sell, nor offer it to others, that would be trying to abolish it from the world so far as you are able."

This explanation, when reported to Jeff, proved quite satisfactory ; and taking his pen he wrote his name with a flourish, saying :

"There, I can subscribe to every word of it!"

By noon Jefferson was ready with another proposition. Could they not get some of the other boys to sign it? would not that be doing what they could to fight it out of the world? Charlie thought that would be a good idea ; and then he remembered what Eddie had said about Jamie Williams.

"Well, now," said he, "I will tell Jamie that I have signed the pledge, and perhaps he will sign it," and off they started to find him.

Poor Jamie was feeling rather dull. It was the day after his scrape, as he called it. His cold was really worse than on the

day before, and he was feeling rather sore from the severe whipping. He was sitting alone at his desk, when to his surprise he saw Jeff and Charlie coming toward him.

"Come, Jamie," said Jeff in a cheerful voice, "Charlie and I have been signing the pledge; would not you like to?"

"Well, I don't know but I would. I don't see any use it is going to be to me to drink, any way; and I do believe it is one of the meanest things in the world to be a drunkard."

"That is just what I think," said Jeff, with a clap on Jamie's shoulder in his friendly way.

So he sat down by his side and began to explain the pledge. Would he like to sign all that?

Yes, that he would! he would like to be a temperance man all over, teetotal. But then where could he get such a card? must he have just such a one?

Jeff smilingly assured him that it was not necessary. It would be enough just to copy that off and sign his name to it,

or promise to do it any way. "But then," said he, "I'd like to have you get a card just like ours. I must find out where they are kept. If they do not cost too much, I will get a card for every boy in the school that will sign the pledge."

"Why, how will you pay for them?" asked Charlie.

"I'll give my quarter of a dollar spending money that I have every week."

"It would be too bad to have you do it all. I'll give my spending money, but it is only ten cents. Perhaps some of the other boys will give up theirs. Do you have any, Jamie?"

Jamie shook his head, but after a minute he added: "I have now and then a cent or two that I get for running errands. I'll give you them."

"Good!" exclaimed Jeff. "Charlie, you will be the treasurer. There's my quarter. And perhaps your father can get them cheaper than we could."

"I have only five cents left," replied Charlie; "but that shall go along with it, and I'll ask father about the pledges."

“Now,” pursued Jeff, “let’s see who else we can get to sign it. There’s Eddie, he has signed it already, that makes four of us. Good! we shall be quite a little company.”

In the evening Charlie went with his father to see about the card pledges. When the stationer, who was a personal friend of Mr. Martin, heard the story of the little temperance society, he promised to supply them with cards at the wholesale price, which was three cents each, the usual price being five cents. So little Charlie laid out his thirty cents in cards.

Very happy was Charlie to take them to school the next day. By showing them around they soon attracted the attention of the other boys, and they found six more who offered to join them. Jeff would question each one very closely, to see whether he was willing to keep all the promises, and when he found that they were willing to do so, he would hand them over a card, and see that they put their names to it.

When they had all done this, Jeff sprang upon a desk and began to harangue them. "Now, fellow-soldiers," said he, "we must fight! We have promised to do our best to drive intoxicating liquors out of the country, and we will fight like men; won't we, my lads?"

Upon this all the boys pulled off their hats, and began to hurra for temperance.

In the midst of it who should come in but Clifford Nash! Now as it happened very fortunately for our little temperance champions, Clifford had been absent from school for some days, or else he would have fought against it, and put no ordinary stumbling-blocks in their way. As it was they had fairly the start of him. They were all on the side of right, and they knew it. From that day Cliff's influence among the boys of that school waned. But the temperance boys, as they were called, prospered finely. At the suggestion of George Barker, and with his help, they formed a regularly organized society, of which Jeff was unanimously elected the president, Charlie the treasur-

rer, and George kindly consented to lend his aid as secretary.

It would make my story quite too long to relate all their interesting adventures in getting signatures to the pledge. After getting nearly all the school, they went out into the streets and hunted up a great many little boys, and persuaded them to join their society. They met at noon time in the school-yard, and in this way many a ragged little boy began to come to school, and then to the Sunday school; and it would take another whole book to tell half the good they did in this way.

Many of these deeds and adventures may yet be told in some future volume. We think enough has been said here to show the value of the pledge even to little folks that we do not suppose to be in much danger from intoxicating drinks. And very many of our little readers could, no doubt, get others to sign the pledge also. Perhaps they could get up a little society, that would be pleasant as well as useful to its members. And, to begin with, here is one of the favorite hymns

of the "Temperance Boys," as they called themselves. Learn it yourself, at all events, and get up a temperance society if you can.

### THE PLEDGE.

"UNITED in a joyous band,  
We'll sign the pledge with heart and hand;  
The ruby wine we'll lay aside,  
And be our country's hope and pride.

"'T will keep the roses on the cheek,  
Preserve the spirit mild and meek;  
The eye will beam expression bright,  
The mind improve in wisdom's light.

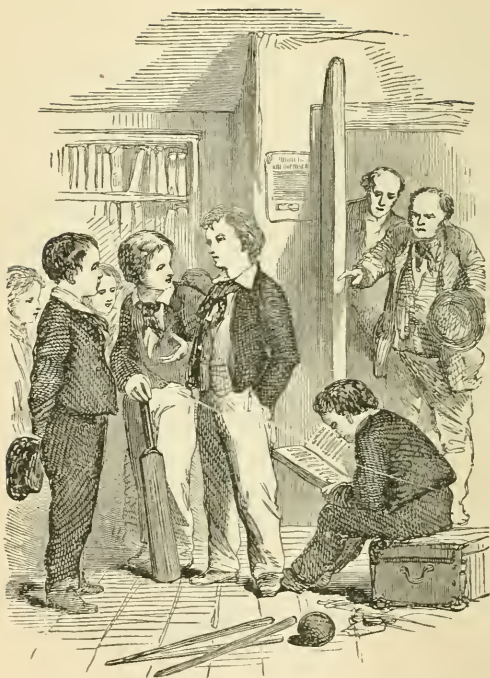
"It makes the home of labor sweet, .  
And happy faces there you'll greet;  
It leads the way to honest wealth,  
**And gives earth's choicest blessing- health."**

The best way to tame  
a serpent.









The Consultation.

THE  
TEMPERANCE BOYS.

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CHAPTER I.

TOO MUCH COLD WATER.

“WELL, Charlie,” said Mr. Martin to his son, how does your temperance society prosper? I have not heard much about it for some weeks. Do you still keep up your meetings?”

“Yes, father,” replied Charlie; “but then you know we meet in the school-yard, and it is getting to be so cold now, that the boys only stay a little while when they do come. They run

off to keep warm by playing, or go back into the house again."

"Then they still continue to come, do they?"

"Yes, sir, they are almost all there one day or another through the week, but they begin to leave after they have been there a few minutes; and indeed, none of us can stay long. If we only had a comfortable place to meet in, we could do well."

"Why do you not meet in the school-room? Would not your teacher permit you to do so?"

"He said we might, if we would not bring in boys from the street."

"And what do you want of boys from the street? Have you not enough without them?" inquired the father.

"I think so, papa; but as we have

got one or two of them to come to school, Jeff Townley thinks we had better keep 'hem all in, and perhaps we may get more of them to attend school. It just spoils our meetings. If it were not for them we should have first-rate times."

"Well, what is Jefferson going to do about it?"

"O I don't know. Sometimes he talks about getting somebody to let us have a room; but I think he might just as well let the street boys go. They are only a trouble to us, any way."

Charles said this rather bitterly. To be sure, he was only the treasurer of the little society, and Jefferson Townley was the president; but then he claimed the honor of having originated it. He took too much

honor to himself, however, for though he and his brother Eddie were the first to sign the pledge, yet it was Jeff that first proposed having officers and an organization. But this made little difference about the advice. No advice should be taken if it is not good, no matter from whom it comes.

Mr. Martin was interrupted in his conversation with his son by domestic business, and before he was through with this, Charlie was off to school. But Mr. Martin did not forget about it. He felt a deep concern in the prosperity of that society; for since his young sons had become interested in this little temperance movement, many things had come to his knowledge that surprised him. He found that young people generally were acquiring a fearful familiarity

with the taste and appearance of intoxicating liquors. Twenty years before this, when he was a lad, the temperance reform was very popular, and a young man could hardly disgrace himself more than to let it be known that he was a tippler. If he only refused to sign the pledge he was looked upon suspiciously. Men of good social standing would hardly be willing to be seen purchasing alcohol, even for medicinal and mechanical purposes, such was the universal odium that had fallen upon it.

“But now,” he said to himself, “things are changed. Men drink, boys drink, and I do not know but women drink too. They certainly have it on their sideboards, and offer it to others again, just as they did in my father’s days, before the temper

ance reform was dreamed of. It is but a few years since we thought intemperance almost driven out of the land; but here I see liquor shops on almost every corner, and saloons on every block."

And so Mr. Martin pursued this train of thought as he went about his business, till, finally, he set his heart on helping these young temperance folks.

But how should he do it? was the question. We will leave the gentleman to form his benevolent plans, while we go to the ward school-house and witness a meeting of the temperance boys, which took place one or two days later.

It was about the middle of November, and the weather was much colder than usual for that time of year. At



noon the boys put on their caps, and coats, and mufflers, and were soon filling the yard, in high glee, playing tag, ball, leap-frog, follow-master, and some other such stirring plays, suitable for the cold weather.

"But say, George," said one of a group of boys that gathered under the tree; "isn't it too cold to have a temperance meeting to-day?"

"It is rather cold, that is a fact! but don't let's give it up entirely. Let's have a sing, at all events; let's sing, 'Come, sons of Columbia.'" As no one objected, he struck it up to the merry tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as they marched about the tree singing it, half the school gathered around them.

And it was a pretty song, too  
Here is the whole of it

## “COME, SONS OF COLUMBIA.

“Come, sons of Columbia, while, proudly and high,  
Every heart with the love of our freedom is  
swelling,

While our star-blazon'd bird has his home in the  
sky,

And tyranny's death-song is heard in each  
dwelling.

Come, the bright chalice drain, and again and again,  
Let our pledge and our toast, in a far-sounding  
strain,

Be water, pure water, bright sparkling with glee,  
That flows, like our life-blood, unfettered and  
free.

“O! the wine-cup may sparkle its ruby drops  
bright,

And o'er its glad brim, in phalanx' advancing,  
Fair gossamer spirits, in rainbow-like light,

May to bacchanal music be gracefully dancing  
While they dazzle our eyes with the hues of the  
skies,

Soft and silvery tones on the breeze seem to rise,  
'Tis the gush of pure water, bright, sparkling with  
glee,

That flows like our life-blood, unfettered and free.

'O, then, hail to thee, water! the bacchanal's toast  
 May be drunk in red wine, that in ruddy light  
 flashes ;

But Columbia's freemen still proudly shall boast  
 Of the free gift of God, that o'er hill and dale  
 dashes.

The diamond's bright ray seems forever at play  
 On the glancing cup; and the soul-breathing lay  
 Shall be praise of pure water, bright, sparkling with  
 glee,

The gift of our God, and the drink of the free."

They sang on right cheerily till they came to the latter part of the second verse, when fizz! up rose a jet of Croton water from the other side of the fence near by, and down it came, splash, all over the little group, and they scattered, poor wet boys, little and big, as quickly as if a fire-brand had been thrown in their midst.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the mocking voice of Clifford Nash, who was at this moment standing at a safe dis-

tance, looking on. "Got cold water enough now, hav'n't you? Quite cooled down, I reckon!"

"Ah, you young scape-grace," said one of the larger boys; "you are at the bottom of that."

"Indeed!" he replied; "I think I am out of that entirely."

And so he was out of the way of the water, of course.

But it was a cruel joke. The weather was so cold that the water froze almost as soon as it fell, and the poor boys, some of whom were badly wet, were glad to run into the house and dry themselves by the fire.

When this came to the knowledge of the principal, there were some inquiries made about it. It was found that the water was thrown up from a neighboring yard, belonging to a fire-

company, and some of them said they believed that Jack was using the hose out in the yard about that time. Jack was nowhere to be found just then; but if he had been questioned about it, he might not have been able truthfully to deny his acquaintance with Clifford Nash, or his own love of mischief; and perhaps, too, Clifford's pocket-money had something to do with it.

I do not see how Cliff, the worthless fellow, could have done it, for the poor boys would be likely to take such colds as would half kill them. But I suppose he did not care, for he hated the temperance boys for doing what he knew he ought to do himself; and so he had been their enemy from the first, using most freely that favorite weapon of all cowards, ridi-

cule. And this was what the boys felt most keenly now. Their health might or might not suffer serious results; their spirits certainly did. To think of being showered with cold water, and that too while in the very act of singing its praises, was so ludicrous that older persons, even the teacher himself, could hardly refrain from a smile when they heard about it, and others laughed outright.

"Got cold water enough for once, I guess," cried one.

"O, then, hail to thee, water!" sung out another.

Even the boys that they had looked upon as quite friendly and disposed to join them, could not resist the temptation of a little merriment on so apt an occasion. Charlie's sensitive spirit suffered acutely, though he

tried to say to himself, "I won't care. We did nothing wrong."

George Barker, the secretary, fortunately escaped with very little wetting, but he laid the matter to heart as a serious injury to their cause among the school-boys. Numbers who were friendly, and would soon have joined them, would now be prevented by the ridicule, and the fear of similar persecutions in the future; and he felt sure that the society would soon go down unless some other place of meeting could be found. So he went to his desk looking so gloomy and downcast that he received his full share of the ridicule.

Jefferson Townley was the first to rally, and he declared that the fellows had made a mistake; he be-

lieved they must have been tipsy, for everybody knew that rum would do for external application, while the temperance boys believed in water for the internal.

Just now Clifford stepped up to Jeff, who had been a special friend of his until this temperance matter separated them, and surveying him from head to foot, he said with a mock patronizing air: "Got pretty wet, didn't you? Don't you think you had better take a glass of brandy to prevent a cold?"

"A glass of brandy!" exclaimed Jeff, firing up; "I would not take such a dose as that if I had been ducked in the Atlantic Ocean!"

This turned the laugh somewhat, but all the temperance boys felt quite uncomfortable during the rest





of the day. Some of them got excused, and went home to put on dry clothing; a very suitable proceeding, but it only added to the jokes of the others, for they thought it a "pity if they could not stand so much cold water as that."

Charlie Martin carried a long face home from school that day, and it was a bitter tale he had to repeat to

the sympathising family circle. He was sure it would be the ruin of their little society.

"Well, my son," said Mr. Martin, "I see you are not very hopeful about your affairs."

"I do not see anything to hope," was the moody reply.

"Well, now, suppose somebody should get up a thanksgiving dinner for them, don't you think it would help them a little?"

"Why, yes, I don't know but that would," replied Charles, brightening up perceptibly.

"There you see how easily something might be done; so I advise you to keep your courage up, and we will consult mother, and see what can be done."

Mrs. Martin was consulted in due

form, though if Charlie had noticed the quiet smile with which she received the proposition, he might have guessed that she had heard of it before.

The result of the consultation was, that the temperance boys should be invited to dine at Mr. Martin's, at three o'clock on Thanksgiving-day, which would be on Thursday of the next week. This invitation, when circulated among the boys the next morning, warmed them up, and threw off some of the chill left by the adventure of the previous day.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

THANKSGIVING-DAY came bright and clear, and just cold enough to be pleasant. Three o'clock in the afternoon found a brilliant company of little folks assembled at Mr. Martin's. They were brilliant, not with jewels, but with clean, neat attire, and happy, smiling faces.

Mr. Martin himself waited upon them at the door, to receive their password, as he playfully called it. When Charlie was giving the invitations, some of the boys had inquired, half in sport, if there was any password by which the members of the society

should be known. When Mr. Martin heard of this, he immediately proposed that each one should recite a verse of Scripture, showing the duty or advantages of temperance, and that should be their password.

It was quite interesting to listen to the various texts that were quoted, though many of them showed greater familiarity with the concordance than with the Bible.

As might be expected, many of them chose the same texts. That most frequently quoted was: "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Next in frequency followed those excellent admonitions of Solomon in the book of Proverbs: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup,

when it moveth itself aright : at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." George Barker repeated : "Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh, for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

"An excellent admonition to keep good company," said Mr. Martin ; "I hope you will heed it."

"You see I am trying to, sir," was the polite response ; and no one who knew George would have doubted him, for he was called "a very steady young man"

'Then followed Willie Rathbone, with the text, "This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones, that he

die; so shalt thou put away evil from among you; and all Israel shall hear and fear."

Little Eddie Martin, who was always sure to be where anything unusual was going on, had slipped out into the hall. He had taken great interest in these Bible texts since they were first mentioned, and he had been searching the Bible faithfully to see what he could find. He had more than once wished that he was a visitor, so that he could say his verse, for he had one that he liked very much. So when he came out there, and stood in the hall, and heard some of the same verses so many times repeated, a bright thought came over him. In less than a minute he had acted upon it. He ran down stairs and out of the front base-

ment door, into the street. He did not like to ring the bell himself, so he waited till some others came up, and he went in after them.

“So ho!” exclaimed his father, with a laugh, “you want to get in do you? Well, now, I will let you in on one condition, and if you cannot comply with it you may stay out or go back by the way you came. If you will repeat a verse that no one else has repeated, you may come in.”

“I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink,” said the little fellow, and he looked somewhat anxious, for he had not heard all the verses, and he did not quite relish the idea of being sent back to come in at the basement way. Besides, the unusual conversation had reached the ears of the visitors in the parlor, and they had all



come out to see what was the matter, and there they stood facing him.

Eddie could not imagine why his father did not answer him. He did not see the emotion gathering in that parent's eye, and he exclaimed: "Well, father, I do not know whether any one else has said that or not, but it is true, 'I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink' in my life; and I do not mean to, if I live to be a hundred years old."

"Come in, my boy, come in," exclaimed the happy father, clasping the little fellow in his arms; "I would let in all the boys in the city if they could say that."

Soon after this Jefferson Townley arrived, and was a little surprised to find the whole company in the hall to receive him.

“Don’t be afraid,” said Mr. Martin; “the boys have come out to listen to the verses, and I presume they will be very glad that they have come in time to hear yours.”

Jefferson bowed, and repeated slowly and distinctly: “But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king’s meat, nor with the wine which he drank.”

“Well, that is an excellent resolution,” replied Mr. Martin; “and you will all see, by several of the verses that have been repeated, that there is an intemperance in eating as well as drinking; not only in eating food that has intoxicating properties, but also in eating too much, so that the person injures himself. It will be well for you all in future life to remember

that the Bible classes gluttony with drunkenness, and it may save you a fine intellect with which to bless the world."

In due time all present were seated around the generous-sized dinner-table. There were about one third of the temperance boys who were not present; some who were visiting with nearer friends, uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandparents, after the old New-England fashion. There were about twenty assembled here, and they formed a goodly company.

"Now, my young friends," said Mr. Martin, after the blessing had been asked, "I will give you a choice of drinks for dinner, tea, coffee, or cold water."

"Cold water, sir, if you please," was the almost unanimous response,

and cold water it was. A cheerful, plentiful meal followed, with a dessert of fruits, and toasts in cold water. Mr. Martin commenced with, "The temperance boys: success to all their good undertakings." "Thank you, sir," said Jefferson, rising and bowing to Mr. Martin. "I think we have had great success in one good undertaking to-day, and that is, of making a good dinner; and I hope none of us will find ourselves any the worse for it. Your health, Mr. Martin, and yours, Mrs. Martin. May you live long to be the true friends of temperance and of the temperance boys." After a few more simple toasts Mr. Martin said that he had a new subject to propose to the company.

"I have been thinking," he continued, "what I could do to help your

little society, and I cannot think of anything that would seem more acceptable than the offer of a room for you to meet in. There is one that is unoccupied in a building under my care, and I have ventured to secure it for you to meet in once or twice a week."

This proposition was received in silent wonder, and then followed a murmur of approbation. "O how nice!" "How kind!" "Just the thing!" and so on, broke from their lips. "I have only one condition to propose," continued Mr. Martin; "and that is, that you shall use your best endeavors to get others to come in, and, if possible, that each of you shall bring in one new member. Can you do that?"

Replies of "Yes, sir," and "We'll try," came from all parts of the room,

and Mr. Martin, after telling them where the room was, dismissed the table, and they all adjourned to the parlor.

Here they joined in a general discussion of the subject, proposing plans for lighting and warming it, and Mr. Martin received a cordial invitation to visit them in their new quarters. Jefferson told Mr. Martin that it was just what they needed, and without something of the kind they had been fearing that the little society would die in its babyhood. George Barker was also particularly delighted. He doubted not they would flourish now finely, and he thought they might induce older boys, and perhaps the parents of the members, to sign the pledge; while the merry voice of Ralph Sherman spoke out: "If we

should all say what we think, I guess you'd find we were about as glad to get rid of the danger of another shower-bath as anything."

This caused a merry laugh, and then a song was proposed, and they sang to the air of "Long, long ago:"

"TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

"Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul;

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:

Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;

Touch not the cup, touch it not:

Little they thought that the demon was there,

Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.

Then of that death-dealing bowl O beware!

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

"Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:

Though like the ruby it shines in the light;

Touch not the cup, touch it not:

Th' fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,

Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,

Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control:

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

"Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:  
 Hark to the warnings of thousands who've died;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not:  
 Go to the lonely and desolate tomb,  
 Think of the death, of the sorrow and gloom;  
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in the  
     doom:  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

"Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:  
 They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not:  
 Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near,  
 Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear,  
 Stop! for thy country, the God that you fear;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not."

They were accompanied by Miss Amelia, Charlie's sister, on the piano; and as they went on their enthusiasm rose, and they must needs have another song, and to the tune of the "Last Rose of Summer," they sang,



‘TWAS THE LAST, LAST RUMSELLER.

“ ‘Twas the last, last runseller  
Sat musing alone ;  
All his former companions  
Had left him and gone :  
Though his bottles around him  
Were filled to the brim,  
Yet none came to purchase,  
No joy was for him.

“ They had left him all lonely,  
Discarded his rum ;  
They had all signed the pledge,  
And temperate become.  
And he said, as he sat there,  
‘ No more will I sell ;  
I will join with my comrades,  
And drink from the well.’

“ ‘Twas the last, last runseller  
Took pen in his hand ;  
‘Twas the last, last runseller  
Throughout the wide land ;  
‘Twas the last, last runseller  
The pledge signed that night ;  
And the conflict was over ;  
Wrong yielded to right.”

They were now invited to partake of some nuts, raisins, and candies, and this was followed by some 'childish sports, in which all joined, such as button, lawyer, fox-and-geese, not forgetting the time-honored game of "blind-man's-buff," in which Mr. Martin made them lots of sport.

Before breaking up, which they did at eight o'clock, their young president called them to order, and one of the boys moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Martin, and an invitation to visit their meetings frequently. Both of these motions were passed unanimously. Mr. Martin kindly responded, assuring them of his interest in their welfare.

Finally Miss Amelia played and sang "The Robin's Temperance Song," with which they were much delighted

“THE ROBIN’S TEMPERANCE SONG.

“I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,  
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,  
What ’twas she was singing so sweetly about;  
For I’d tried a long time, but could not find out.  
‘Why, I’m sure,’ she replied, ‘you cannot guess  
wrong;  
Don’t you know I am singing a temperance song?

“‘Teetotal! O that’s the first word of my lay,  
And then don’t you see how I twitter away!  
’Tis because I’ve just dipp’d my beak in the  
spring,  
And brush’d the fair face of the lake with my  
wing.  
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

“‘And now, my sweet miss, won’t you give me a  
crumb,  
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home?  
And one thing besides; since my story you’ve  
heard,  
I hope you’ll remember the lay of the bird;  
And never forget, while you list to my song,  
All the birds to the cold-water army belong.’”

Soon after this they adjourned, declaring it the pleasantest day they ever spent; and singing "Good-night," with merry voices, as they filed out of the hall.

## CHAPTER III.

## A NEW MEMBER.

AT their first meeting in the new hall they made rather a comical appearance. A crazy old table and a rickety chair formed the hastily collected accommodations for the boy-president; a box was the secretary's chair, and the numerous members sat on rough planks, supported by boxes. They had, with the consent of their parents, fixed the time of their meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was directly after school, so that they avoided the necessity of lighting the room, and the much more serious evil of being out at night.

The roll being duly called, the members were requested to tell what they had done for the temperance cause since their last meeting.

Willie Rathbone said that he had induced his father, and mother, and sister to sign the pledge, and to remove the liquors from the side-board. They had once been firm temperance people, but had grown lax on the subject until their consciences were re-awakened by the earnestness of their petted only son. They would do a great deal to please him, while he, in turn, was much attached to his parents, and repaid their kindness by his best affections.

Ralph Sherman had brought in two more boys from the street, and he related the circumstances in which he found them.

Johnny Capers had formed a 'Try Company,' of his brothers and sisters, and they were going to try to get their uncle to sign the pledge.

"He is the very best uncle that ever was," said the little fellow, enthusiastically, "but he is a sailor, a ship captain, and you know that nearly all sailors drink more or less. But he'll do almost anything for us children, for he loves us dearly, and brings us lots of nice presents, and I don't believe but that we can get him to sign the pledge." And the little fellow sat down amid clapping and cheers that brought quite a flush to his face.

Just then in walked Mr. Martin, leading a ragged little boy by the hand.

Many smiling faces greeted his



coming, and George Barker immediately advanced to show him a seat.

"Now don't let me interrupt you," said Mr. Martin.

"O no, sir!" was Jefferson's reply. "Some of us have just been telling what we have done, and what we thought we could do, toward getting others to sign the pledge; but we



have nothing special on hand now, and are very glad to see you."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Martin, "you will allow me to say how very glad I am that you are entering with so much spirit into the idea of labor for others. Many of the old temperance societies rested satisfied when they were safe themselves, without laboring for the individual good of others. If they had all adopted the principle upon which you have begun to work, they would have done a vast amount of good, and have been in existence at the present time. As it is I am afraid some of them died ignoble deaths; the societies I mean, not the members. Now here is a little lad that would be a good boy if he only had good company; and I thought if I could get him in as a member of

your society, and he should show himself worthy, it would be a recommendation to help him get a place as errand-boy in some store. How is it, Andrew, would you like to belong to this nice society of temperance boys!"

"Yes, sir, I think I would," said the little fellow, looking around timidly, as if he hardly understood what it meant.

"Do you ever drink beer, or gin, or whisky, or any such thing?" inquired George. "No, sir, not now; I used to, before my father died, but since I knew that the drink killed him, I have not touched another drop."

"Poor little fellow!" said several voices. "And is your mother alive?"

"No, mother died a long time ago."

"Did she drink too?" inquired Charlie, rather carelessly.

"My mother drink!" exclaimed the boy. "Who said that?"

"Nobody said it," replied Mr. Martin, soothingly; "but some one wanted to know how your mother died."

"My mother was a good woman," said the boy, as tears came into his eyes. "It is a long time since she died, so that I do not remember all about it; but I think may be she'd have been alive now if father had used her kindly. The drink has done me hurt enough already. I do not mean it shall hurt me any more."

"Havn't you got any home at all now?" asked the warm-hearted little Johnny Capers.

"No."

"Then where do you sleep?"

“O, in behind boxes, down around the docks, and sometimes, in warm weather, I sleep on the carts.”

“And how do you get anything to eat?” inquired another.

“By selling papers.”

“O, a newsboy,” responded two or three. “And how much do you make a day by selling papers?”

“Not much,” was the brief reply.

Their sympathies had drawn him out; but now that their curiosity had showed itself he had little to say.

Mr. Martin gently checked them, and said that he thought some better business might be found for him if he were only a little more neatly clad. This he said, not because he was unable or unwilling himself to clothe him, but because he wished to teach

them how to be generous and benevolent.

"I'll give him my coat," said little Johnny Capers, beginning to pull it off; "it will just about fit him."

"Not quite so fast, my good little fellow," said Mr. Martin; "it would not be right to give that without asking your mother. But I'll tell you what can be done. You are all of you outgrowing your clothing, more or less, and those that have any outgrown garments that would fit Andrew, might bring them, and we'll try to give him a start in the world."

"Now you will sign the pledge before you go, won't you!" said Jeff, who always kept a bright look-out for the names and number of members.

Andrew looked wistfully at Mr. Martin.

“ You’ll have no objections to taking the pledge and becoming one of the temperance boys, will you ? ” inquired that gentleman.

“ No, sir, ” was the low reply.

“ Well, then, ” said the secretary, “ here is a card and pen. ”

“ O I can’t write, ” said the boy, drawing back.

Sure enough ! here was a difficulty. Fortunately Mr. Martin could decide it. He took the card, read it over carefully, explained it to the boy, and then asked him if he would promise that.

“ Yes, sir, indeed, twice over, ” was the eager reply.

“ Well, then, shall I put your name to it ? ”

“ If you please, sir. ”

“ Very well ; now put two little marks like this in the middle. ”

He did so and there it stood :

ANDREW  $\overset{\text{His}}{\times}$  <sub>mark.</sub> PHELAN.

The boys crowded around to look at it. They had learned something new ; how a person that cannot write can sign his name.

“It’s too bad !” said Charlie ; “can’t you come to our school and learn to write ?”

“Not if he is going into a store, my son,” replied Mr. Martin.

“He could attend evening school, couldn’t he, father ?”

“Perhaps so ; but we can tell better when he gets into his new place.”

It was then arranged that Andrew should be there by eight o’clock the next morning, and those who could bring any clothing for him should

be there at the same time. Mr. Martin then took Andrew away, and the meeting soon closed, for it was nearly dark.



## CHAPTER IV.

## JOHNNY CAPERS AND HIS UNCLE.

"Is Uncle John at home?" shouted little Johnny Capers, as he burst into the sitting-room that evening.

"Yes, Uncle John is in the library," replied his sisters, as they ran on with him, wondering what strange thing he had to tell in such a hurry.

"Ahoy there, my little skipper!" was Uncle John's greeting; and ahoy he came right into the old man's arms, without waiting to return the salute.

"Say, Uncle John," said the little boy, struggling to relieve himself from the frolicsome caresses of his

elderly namesake; "say, Uncle John, I want to tell you something."



"Well, then, say on, make all sail!" said the uncle, holding the boy at arm's length.

"Now, Uncle John, now you know we have a temperance society, don't you?"

"Which way are you steering, middy?"

“Now do be still, uncle, and let me tell you what I want to. We just had a meeting this afternoon, and Mr. Martin brought a boy in there, a newsboy, and he was ragged and dirty, and don’t you believe he had no father, and no mother; they were both dead.”

“Well, that is likely; but I don’t see as that is worth getting up such a tempest about. I suppose there are a great many orphans in the city.”

“Yes, but his father died of drink, and his mother too. No, his mother did not drink; but his father abused her when he was drunk, so that she died a long time ago.”

“The brute! he did not deserve a wife. But what are you going to do with the boy in your society?”

“We are going to dress him up, and Mr. Martin will get him a place as errand boy, and then he can go to night-school.”

Then followed a discussion of the best means of fitting him up. Mrs. Capers was appealed to, and ere long an entire suit of Johnny's cast-off clothes was bundled up, and Uncle John furnished money to buy the boy a pair of shoes. It was with joyful hearts they gathered around the tea-table that evening, though no father's voice was there to offer the expressions of their gratitude to the great Giver of all their blessings.

Johnny's father had died some years before the commencement of my story, leaving Mrs. Capers with five children, of whom Johnny was the third. A small property and a

well-settled state of affairs, left the kind mother an abundance of time to devote to the improvement of her children, to which she devoted herself with great judgment and assiduity. And if there were times when sorrow for the departed cast a shade of sadness over her pensive features, and reflected too much gloom over the spirits of the younger members of the household, so again there were other occasions when their young hearts would give way to an almost boisterous gayety; and that was when Uncle John came home.

Uncle John had been for years the master of a merchantman, trading between the Mediterranean and New York, and at the close of his three-month cruises he always found a hearty welcome beneath the roof

of his younger brother, Mr. Harvey Capers, the father of Johnny.

Since the death of this brother, the captain's kindest sympathies were enlisted for the welfare of the bereaved family, and his visits were like sunbeams to the house, more welcome than ever.

The children would count the days long before his expected coming, and the week or ten days' rest was always too short; but when, on the occasion of this visit, they learned that the ship would be hauled up six weeks for repairs, their delight knew no bounds.

After the supper, at which we left them, Johnny became very thoughtful and silent.

"What is the matter now, little skipper?" inquired Uncle John.

“O nothing, uncle, only I was thinking how much mischief the drink does.”

“Yes, yes, mischief enough, like any other good thing that is abused.”

“But really, uncle, don’t you think it the best way to let it quite alone?”

“May be, child, may be, but for an old salt, like me, it would be hard work to give it up, and of no kind of use either. Why what should I do when I am out the whole night in a storm, and get wet twenty times from head to foot. Rather stiff work it would be without a glass of whisky punch to warm up by. I understand what you want, child; but it is of no use to tease me to sign the pledge. I can’t give up an innocent glass at this time of life.”

Johnny was disappointed. He

intended to make this the occasion of a strong appeal to the good-natured captain, to sign the pledge, and he felt almost sure he would do it, for he always did everything that the children asked him to. But this time Johnny had failed. He had not said half what he wanted to; he had met with a decided rebuff, with no chance to say anything more.

So we shall all find discouragements in the way of doing good. But we must not let these prevent our trying to do what we can, though we may wait, as little Johnny Capers did, for a more favorable moment to carry out our plans.

The next morning Johnny was at Temperance Hall in good season, where he had the satisfaction of seeing his new friend, Andrew, fitted out,



from head to foot, with his own outgrown clothing. But he was not alone in the good work. Others of the temperance boys had brought clothing, and though it would not all fit him, they made up another outside suit for him, besides plenty of under clothing.

There was quite a bundle of clothing left, and several pairs of half-worn shoes that were too small for him. Jeff and Ralph, after trying in vain to decide what to do with them, appealed to George Barker, who advised to stow them away, for the present, in an empty closet that opened out of the room. "It may be," said he, "that we shall want them for some one else."

"And now you have two suits of clothes, such as they are," said John.

ny, "one for Sundays and one for week-days; now you will come to our Sunday school, won't you?"

"Yes, if Mr. Martin is willing," replied the boy.

"Of course he will be willing, for Charlie and Eddie both go to the same school that I do. At any rate, we shall look for you," he added, and off they all ran to be in time for school. Andrew went down to Mr. Martin's office, and in the course of the day he found himself in his new place, in a temperance grocery store, where he was to carry packages of tea, coffee, flour, sugar, and so forth, to the customers. This was active work, and suited him very well, though at first he only got wages enough to pay for his board at the house of a poor widow, where Mr.

Martin sent him. But this was vastly better than selling papers for a living.

Then, too, he was soon introduced into the evening school, and the Sunday school, where he won the goodwill of all by his readiness to improve. Though he seldom had time to visit the meetings at the Temperance Hall, yet his young temperance friends often inquired after him, and were pleased to find him doing so well; and, indeed, he had the company of some of them in the evening school.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN INTEMPERATE FAMILY.

FOR more than a week after this last talk on temperance, Johnny had been thoughtful and needlessly shy of his uncle, for he feared he had offended him. But one afternoon he received a very cordial greeting from him.

“Come here, Johnny,” said he, “I have seen something to-day that will interest you.”

Johnny soon resumed his old seat on his uncle’s knee, though it must be confessed he was a pretty big boy for that, and waited to hear what it was.

“Well, my lad, I have seen a case

to-day that was worse than Andrew's."

"Worse! uncle, how can that be?"

"Why, very easy. It would be worse to have bad parents than none at all, wouldn't it?"

Johnny assented, and his uncle went on.

"I was passing through Chatham-street this morning, and I saw two little girls sitting on a door-step, crying as if their little hearts would break. As I laid to, with my eye on them, the biggest one put out her hand for a penny. 'Why, my poor children,' said I, 'what are you doing here? you will certainly freeze. Now just put helm about, and make all sail for home.'

"But she never moved, and only cried the harder. 'Come,' said I.

'there is your penny; now run home.' But it was of no use. So, after long coaxing, I got her to tell me what was the matter. Her mother would whip her if she came home without a shilling.

"'And what does she want of the shilling?'

"'O sir, she wants it to get some whisky.'

"'And who does she want the whisky for?'

"'For herself, sure.'

"'Does she drink whisky?'

"'That indeed she does. She's drunk near about all the time.'

"'And your father?'

"'Father's been gone these three days, and I don't know where he is.'

"It was a long time before I could get her to tell me where they lived,

but, finally, the gift of the much-desired shilling persuaded her, and they ran on before to show me the place



It was a dirty, damp basement, worse than a ship's hold after a year's voyage.

"I crept down the gangway after the children, and there was a woman and

a babe stowed away on some straw in one corner, and she began to storm away at the girls; but when she saw me she stopped.

“‘See, mammy,’ said one, ‘the gentleman gave me a shilling.’

“‘The woman took it; but she did not look pleased.

“‘And what does he want himself?’ she said at last.

“‘I felt so sorry for your little girls that I came home with them, to see if they could not be made a little more comfortable.’

“‘And ye can do as much for them as ye like; for I’m sure there is enough to be done,’ was the moody reply.

“‘Have you nothing warmer for them to wear about their shoulders, I inquired.



“But, O, how she did abuse me for daring to ask such a question !

“Finally, when I had pacified her, I asked if these were all the children she had. No, there were two more boys somewhere in the street.

“And the father ?

“He'd taken a drop too much, and been a bit noisy and troublesome to the police, and they had shut him up for it. She thought it was too bad if a poor man could not take a bit of comfort without being sent to the Island for it, and I think so too.

“The children were hungry, and she declared she had no bread for them, and no money to get any. I reminded her of the shilling I had given the child, but she said she wanted that to get some medicine with for the baby.

and the poor thing did look as if it was sick. So when I went away I sent her some coal, and bread, and groceries?"

"O uncle, can't I go with you the next time you go to see them? Do let me," urged Johnny.

"Why yes, I suppose you can if you want to," was the reply.

"And can't we go now, uncle? I'd like to go now."

"Why, what's in the wind now, that you're in such a hurry to get your sails up?"

O, I'd like to see them," replied Johnny, getting his uncle's hat for him. In truth, Johnny wanted to try to get some of them to sign the pledge, but he was not very sure that he could do it.

Johnny and his uncle were soon on

their way to the drunkard's house, accompanied by Ralph Sherman, in whose powers of persuasion Johnny placed much confidence, and who happened to come along just as they started.

"O! there is the kind gentleman, sure!" was their greeting as they clambered down the rotten steps "The houly Virgin bless ye!" said the woman. "All the saints purtect ye!"

"Tut, away with your nonsense!" said the captain. "What less could any one do when a body was suffering in that way?"

"Indade and there's many a one that don't do it then. There's none that's so kind as yerself, sir, with all the nice praties ye sent us."

The sailor cut her short this time, by turning to the little girl, who

stood looking at him with open mouth, and asking about her father.

“He hasn’t been home yet;” and she began to snivel and put her fingers in her eyes.

While the captain was talking to the child, Johnny summoned all his courage, and went up to the woman, saying that he had come with his uncle to see if she would not take the pledge.

“Och yes!” said she; “I’ll be after taking anything he’ll send me. It was a nice lot of stuff he sent me this morning.”

“Yes; but we want you to promise that you won’t drink any more whisky.”

“O yes, and as many times as you please!”

“Well, then, you will have no

objections to putting your name to that promise," said he, reaching it out to her.

But the woman would not sign the pledge. She would put her name to no paper. She knew nothing about papers, she said, and did they want to take her to court?

By this time Uncle John's attention was attracted, and he had to join in trying to pacify her with the assurance that it was only a promise not to drink any more.

"And sure," she said, "ye have my word for it, and that's enough. But come to-morrow, and the old man will be home, I'm thinking. They only sent him up for three days; and he knows all about papers and the like, for he has a deal of book larnin'."

“Well, come, boys,” said the captain; “I do not see any use in teasing her about that;” and so they all left.

Johnny was disappointed, but he did not despair. He would try again when he got a chance to see the old man, as Mrs. Maloney called her husband.

As for Ralph he had not been using his eyes in vain. While he was looking at the ragged, barefooted children he thought of the shoes and garments that were left in the closet after fitting up Andrew Phelan; and when they were out he at once proposed to Johnny to get them for these children.

At this suggestion Johnny capered about in great glee. He declared that it was just the thing; but they ought to ask the other boys: that

they could do to-morrow. It was very lucky that the society met to-morrow. And so the matter was settled.

You may well believe that Johnny Capers had a very interesting story to tell at the Temperance Hall the next day. To hear him talk you would have supposed that all that was wanting to raise that family from misery to happiness was for the father to come home, and sign the pledge. O yes! there was one other item, but his friend Ralph would speak of that.

So Ralph made a motion that their bundle of shoes and clothing be given to this poor family.

This met with ready approval, and Johnny and Ralph carried off the bundle in triumph.



There was a great scrambling among the little Maloneys when the shoes were opened before them. One little fellow seemed to think himself made for life when he had put on one big shoe and one little one, and stood up in them. The clothing seemed to be mostly of suitable size for the two boys; but the mother cunningly declined to try it on till the visitors had



gone, for she feared they would take away what might not prove suitable.

On the other side of the room sat the father, smoking his pipe with the greatest indifference. But, in spite of his morose looks, Johnny ventured up to him, saying: "Please, sir, will you sign the temperance pledge?"

"What's that?" said the man, gruffly.

"It is the pledge, sir; and we are temperance boys, and go around trying to get people to sign it; and sometimes it does them a great deal of good."

"Yes," interrupted the woman; "didn't I tell you that yesterday they wanted me to put my name to it; and I told them to come to-day, when ye'd be at home, for I had no larnin' to meddle with such things"

The man took the paper in his hand, and, looking over it, said: "Sure, this is the same thing they had in the ould country once, with Father Matthew. And it is just a promise not to drink any more, eh?"

"Yes, that is it," cried Johnny, delighted at his ready understanding of the matter; and you'll sign it, won't you?"

"And what good would it be if I should? Here's all the folks in rags, and nothing to eat, and I've no work. I don't see as it's any good to try to do anything, for it's the same thing over and over again, and there's no work to be had for a poor man;" and so he went on with a senseless string about the poor that could not get any work; just as if he wanted

work, or would do it if he had it to do.

"Yes," replied Johnny; "but we'll help you. We'll get clothing and food for you; and then my Uncle John will get work for you, if he can, so that you can help yourself."

"O, I'll sign it, sure, if you are so good as all that; but when'll you do these fine things that you're a promisin'?"

"Do them?" said Ralph: "right away. We've begun now," and he pointed to the shoes and the clothing.

The man rather moodily stretched out his hand for the pencil, and scrawled his name; and, after a little urging, the woman's name was added too.

In the course of a day or two Miss Amelia Martin, Charlie's sister, hear-

ing, through her little brothers, of the destitute condition of the family, and that they had signed the pledge, interested herself in dressing up the mother and the girls till they appeared quite neat.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GEORGE BARKER'S SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

GEORGE BARKER was a teacher in the Sunday school. Having a fine voice and good natural taste for music, he led the singing of the infant class. He was too young to be the first teacher, but as second teacher his kindness won the hearts of all the little ones, and at no time would they sing with so much life and animation as when George Barker led them.

There was one bright but poorly-dressed little girl in the class that often attracted his attention. She sung well, and seemed to take great

delight in it. But when they were not singing she was full of mischief, seemed never able to sit still, and annoyed her teachers and her classmates in many ways.

The infant-class teachers hardly knew what to do with her, till it was proposed to have her put into the larger school, in a small class, under a teacher. The next question was, whether she could read. George volunteered to talk with her. That was just the thing. She seemed at once elevated with an idea of self-respect, to think that the teacher should specially notice her. She was so much larger than most of the other scholars that George felt sure that she could read. But a little talk settled the matter; and she seemed to be so grieved to acknowledge her

ignorance that he was sorry for having asked her.

"Don't you go to school through the week?" inquired George.

"No; mother wants me at home, to take care of the baby; and besides, mother says she cannot get clothes for me to wear. A lady gave me these clothes I have on, just to wear to Sunday school."

George assured her they were glad to see her there, praised her good attention to the lessons as much as he could, told her that she would make a good singer if she tried faithfully, and he hoped she would grow up to make a good and respectable woman. There might yet be an opportunity for her to learn to read, if she showed herself a good girl; and so, with kind words, he sent her back to her seat.

From this time her behavior was greatly changed. She was so quiet, obedient, and careful as to gain a deep interest in the hearts of her teachers. She made rapid progress in singing, and learned the hymns very quickly, because she paid such good attention

After a while George found a lady among his friends whom he interested in the welfare of the little girl, and who promised to take a personal interest in teaching her to read.

The next Sunday morning the lady was at the school to see little Annie; but the child was not there. Another Sunday passed without her making her appearance, and then George went to call on her, to find out what was the matter. But he found that the family had removed, and no one knew where they had gone.



"A good riddance it was, too," a neighbor said, "for the man was lazy and drunken, and the woman was not much better, though she did not drink; and the children were dreadful impudent and always in the way."

"Were the children all bad?" inquired George.

"Yes, all but the little girl, and she had become quite decent lately, though I think that came from going to Sunday school."

George turned away sorrowfully. It was evident that the girl was improving, and he regretted that all his good efforts should be wasted so soon; and the poor child, that wanted to be good, lost, perhaps, forever.

The next Sabbath morning, as he came out of the infant-class room, he met a ragged, filthy looking man, who

came eagerly toward him, and inquired if he was Annie Dean's teacher. George replied that he was one of her teachers, and then inquired where she was. "Well," said the man, "are you the one that sings? She wants the one that sings so good;" and then George learned that his interesting little scholar was sick, that she would probably die, and was very anxious to see him. He immediately started to visit her, feeling very solemn, and not much disposed to talk with the unworthy father, who went on with different subjects, evidently not quite sober.

At last they came to the mean abode, away up several rickety flights of stairs, and there he found the sick Sunday scholar in the last stages of disease. Her large dark eye kindled

with pleasure as it fell upon him, and she reached out her thin hand eagerly.

"O teacher," she said, "I was afraid father would not go for you. I am so glad you are come. I wanted to see you once more."

"Once more," said George, "I hope we shall see you at Sunday school many times more yet," for he did not know how sick she was.

"No," she replied solemnly, "not here; but I am going to that Sunday school in heaven that you used to tell us about. Perhaps I shall see you there."

"And how do you know, my child, that you will go there?"

"O I know it. I feel it. Something in here tells me so. Two weeks ago I was feeling very bad because I had been so naughty, and I

was afraid I'd die and go to hell. I didn't know what to do, and I tried to think of the verses that they used to teach us out of God's book; but I couldn't think of one of them. And then I thought it would be just right for me to be lost, because I would not learn those good verses when you tried to teach us, and I was so sure, all the while, that just one little verse would tell me what to do and save me. But I couldn't think of any. By and by I thought of that hymn,

‘Jesus, lover of my soul;’

and then I remembered that it was Jesus I was to go to; and then all at once I thought of that beautiful verse, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ And then pretty soon I thought

of another: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Then all my bad feelings went right away, and I knew that I should go to Jesus. Ever since that I have been trying to sing

'I want to be an angel,'

but I can't sing it much, I'm so tired all the while," and she sunk back on her pillow. Indeed she had been obliged to stop and rest several times while talking. And soon she said, "Teacher, I thought if you could only come and sing it for me."

Pausing a moment to command his feelings, he sung, and the dying child hung on his words as if they had been indeed the accents of Heaven. It was a strange scene, that degraded, ragged family gathered around the dying bed of little Annie, and the young Sunday-



school teacher singing the hymn that told of her high hopes for another world. Then he sang,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,”

and one or two other hymns, until even Annie herself seemed satisfied. Bidding her a tender good-by, he left with a promise to call again the next day.

Going immediately to the lady who

had previously offered to provide her with the means of learning to read, he told the circumstances to her, and the worthy woman soon visited the scene of suffering, with many little comforts and kind words that greatly soothed the dying hours of the little Christian.

She was very anxious about the family, especially her father, and besought him with tears to become a sober man.

O father !” said she, “if you would only let the rum alone, and bring home your wages to mother, she would take heart again, and take better care of the baby. And may be too she could keep Joe and Tommy out of the street, where they are learning so much swearing and fighting all the time and send them to school.

Say, father, only say you will leave the drink!"

It was a broken promise the poor man gave; but the child was comforted.

When George called again his little scholar was almost gone. She could say only a few words about her brothers. She wanted them to go to Sunday school. Then, turning her eyes upward, she said: "O teacher! I shall soon be with the angels. I am going to Jesus."

That night she died. Through the kindness of the lady friend they had a decent funeral, after which George returned to the house with the parents. The poor father was quite broken down; for in his sober moments he had loved his little Annie, his oldest child, with tender affection



"I promised my poor Annie," said he, "that I'd let the drink alone, and, by the help of God, I'll do it. I want you, sir, to write me off a pledge, and I'll sign it before God, and my poor abused wife, and yourself."

It was soon done, and the man, folding it up carefully, put it away in his Bible, saying: "There, when I read my Bible I'll turn and read that, and, God helping me, I'll keep it."

By the kindness of friends, who had become interested in the story of little Annie, employment was obtained for him, courage came back to the disheartened wife, and plenty once more smiled upon them, as it had in the early days of their married life.

## CHAPTER VII.

## UNCLE JOHN CONVERTED.

JOHNNY CAPERS had tried some time to get his uncle to sign the pledge, but he was nearly discouraged with his lack of success. The good-natured sailor avoided all conversation on the topic. When on shore, and especially when enjoying the hospitality of his sister-in-law, he very seldom indulged in strong drink of any kind. Indeed he rarely used it at any time to such an excess as to show much of its effects. He was of a temperament not easily affected in this way. But at this time, as his visit was much longer than usual, he

found it difficult to abstain entirely. He did so, however, until one evening, a few days after the fitting up of the Maloney family. Happening to call on another ship-master of his acquaintance, he found him just going out to some public dinner, and no excuse would answer, but he must go with him. We will not detail the uproarious scene. It is sufficient to say that by midnight many of the number were so far gone that they could not help themselves home. Captain Capers did not realize his exact situation, or he would not have gone home himself, much less would he have allowed his merry companions to pull the bell so violently, or shout so lustily, to get the servant up to let him in.

The next morning he kept his bed.

Mrs. Capers looked sad, and the children were very much alarmed because Uncle John was sick, so sick that he could not get up.

He came down to dinner, but did not seem very cheerful, and in the afternoon he went out again.

"Mother," said Johnny, when he found that lady alone in the evening, "mother, was that Uncle John that came in so late last night, and made so much noise?"

"Why do you ask that, my son?" was the mother's response.

"Because," said he, hesitatingly, "I did not know; I was afraid he had not been a temperance man," he added, hardly knowing how to say a thing so offensive.

"Well, what then, my child?" continued the mother.

“O, nothing! only I was thinking that I did not want to be a sailor if I could not be a temperance man too.”

Now it so happened that long since Captain Capers had marked his young namesake for a sailor. He generally called him “skipper” or “middy,” and would frequently talk over his future adventures, and the lands he would visit. His mother was not pleased with this, but she did not oppose the idea, hoping that his own good sense would, as he grew older, show him some better way. And now, like a careful mother, she tried to lead and strengthen that judgment.

“Well, my son,” she continued, “what will you do about it? You know he expects you to go.”

“I’ll tell him that I’ve changed my mind, and do not wish to be a sailor

because I could not be a temperance boy too."

"But be sure to be careful and respectful toward him, even if you cannot follow his example; for he is your uncle, and a much older person than you are, too."

The next day Johnny went with Jefferson Townley to see the Maloneys. The society and friends had done much for this family; but somehow they did not seem to be any better off for it. To be sure the children sometimes had shoes on, and were a little better clothed; but the room was as untidy and comfortless as ever. The secret was that the best of the clothing that had been given them was sent to the pawnbroker's shop to get money with it, and the money was spent for whisky; but this fact

was carefully concealed from those who helped them.

Through the efforts of Uncle John, work had been obtained for the man, who pretended to be a painter. Accordingly some plain painting had been given him ; but he soon complained that climbing made him dizzy, and he could not work there. It finally turned out that he was only a whitewasher, and as this was not the season for whitewashing, he could get no work. Such difficulties as these the benevolent sometimes meet in their labors of love ; but, for the sake of those who are worthy, still continue to assist all who appear to be so.

When Johnny and Jeff came with in two or three squares of the Maloneys, their way was blocked up by a crowd. With natural curiosity they

stopped to inquire the cause of it; but finding it only a drunken quarrel, they picked their way around, and were going on in quiet, when they met Mrs. Maloney rushing on in frantic haste, crying out, "They'll kill him! They'll kill him, sure!"

The boys turned to follow her, and elbowing their way into the foul-mouthed crowd, they saw one of the most disgusting sights belonging to a course of intemperance. Two drunken men, one of whom was Maloney, were fighting. Maloney had been thrown, and his antagonist was pounding his face and eyes, when Mrs. Maloney burst in, and seizing the other by the hair, dragged him off. Then there were cries of "Fair play," mingled with very foul words and curses, and the woman was taken away. Maloney



was helped up and urged on, and at it they went again. It was horribly sickening, a ghastly sight for those young eyes to look upon, one which would often flit before their minds shockingly perhaps for years. How thoroughly debased then must be those hearts that, brought up in the midst of such scenes, can look upon them unmoved, or coolly cry, "Give it to him! give it to him!" O run, run! who can tell half the misery and the vice that thou bringest!

Heart-sick the two boys were turning away to leave the crowd when they saw it already dispersing, and two policemen were leading away the bruisers to the station-house. Maloney seemed badly hurt, and the boys followed timidly to inquire about him.

"O no," the policeman replied to

their inquiry ; “ they have only set his nose a-bleeding. The best medicine for him will be a month or two on the Island. But these streets are no place for you, my lads. You had better go where it is safer.”

In returning they saw Mrs. Maloney standing on a corner talking in a high tone, cursing her husband and the policeman alternately ; but no one seemed to think of cursing the rum-shops, which, found on every corner, were the causes of all the trouble. Even with that awful example before them, they dropped into the grocery, one after another, to “ liquor again.”

This disturbance seemed to have called out into the streets all the low inhabitants of that low neighborhood. Everywhere the boys saw nothing but filth, misery, and rags, and in the



features of every face seemed to be written, "Intemperance," "Strong drink," "Rum," "Ruin." If by chance a decent man did pass by that way, it only served to show the contrast between temperance and intemperance more strikingly, as the boys could not help observing in one case where a miserable drunkard who was holding himself up by a lamp-post

stopped a fine-looking gentleman to beg an alms. It was a sight which our young friends thought they would not soon forget. But the low people about there seemed absolutely blind, without an idea of the cause of all their misery.

"O uncle," said Johnny sadly when he saw that relative in the evening, "Mr. Maloney has been getting drunk again, and fighting, and he is to be shut up for it a long time."

"So much for signing the temperance pledge," said Uncle John.

"No, uncle," said Johnny respectfully but earnestly, "it is intemperance that does that. If he would stick to his pledge, and let strong drink alone, it would not be so."

"Will you give up the family, then, because the father drinks?"

“Jeff says he does not see as it is of much use to help them. They are no better off, after all that we have done for them. The children are nothing but street beggars, and do not seem to know how to tell the truth. They will not go to school nor to Sabbath school, and I do not see what we can do for them.”

Johnny paused; but as his uncle made no reply, he went on:

“This drinking is a terrible bad thing, uncle. I do not see that any good comes of it anywhere. I am really afraid of it. I don’t believe I’ll be a sailor. I’m afraid that somehow I shall learn to drink. You know almost all the sailors drink.”

Johnny stopped short; for his uncle looked angry, and that was something very unusual for him. Indeed the

boy was frightened himself when he came to think how bold he had been.

The captain stood up and said sternly: "I hope you do not mean to compare sailors with those Five Point drunkards;" but when he saw how frightened Johnny looked, he stroked the child's head, adding in gentler tones: "Well, well, my boy, you are more than half right. You are quite too good a boy to be a sailor, that's a fact," and then he left the room.

There was some anxiety that evening at the supper table because Uncle John did not make his appearance. The maid was sent to knock at his door; but there was no answer, and she said that she had seen him going out over half an hour before with his overcoat on, and she was certain he had not returned.

The evening passed away, and still he did not come. Mrs. Capers questioned her son closely. She feared that Johnny had said something that might have seriously offended his uncle, though it was very unlike him to take offense at anything his nephew might choose to say.

Johnny was allowed to sit up an hour later than usual, but no uncle came. It was some time after he went to bed before he slept, and then it was to dream about his uncle.

The morning came and went, but still no uncle. Very earnestly did Johnny go to his heavenly Father and tell him all about it, praying him to keep his uncle safe, and make him a very good man.

When the children returned from school that day, they found to their

great joy that Uncle John had been home.

“But he has gone again,” said Mrs. Capers. He was tired of waiting for his old ship to be refitted, so the owners gave him command of a much larger one, that is lying at B. He was obliged to go right on to take the oversight of the preparations for the voyage, and, as she must sail soon, he did not expect to be able to see us again before leaving.

The big tears came into Johnny’s eyes. “O mother!” he cried, “why didn’t he come to bid me good-by? I am afraid he never will love me any more. This temperance business! I wish I had not said a word to him about it!”

“My son,” said the judicious mother reprovingly, you know we show the



truest kindness to our friends when we try to do them good, and we must leave the result with God. But I do not think that your uncle is displeased with you. He spoke of you very kindly, saying that he had not time to go and see you; but he left a little parcel for you which he said he supposed would please you more than half a dozen good-bys."

Johnny took it sorrowfully, saying that he did not know of any present that would please him half so much as his uncle's good-will. Judge then of his surprise when, on breaking the seal, he found a temperance pledge with his uncle's name signed to it, and a copy of the agreement he had made with the owners to sail the ship on temperance principles.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

AMONG the customs handed down to the good people of New-York, by their Dutch ancestors, is that of making New Year's calls. It is really a very pleasant custom. Everybody has a holiday; and it is a very suitable time to call on everybody else, in whom we have an interest, and see how they have prospered through the past year, and offer them our good wishes for the coming one.

But then if everybody made calls there would be no one to call upon; so it is arranged that the gentlemen make the calls, and the ladies remain at home to receive them.

In many houses a table is spread in the parlor, and the lady of the house invites her guests, with cordial hospitality, to partake of the dainties spread before them.

All this makes the city a scene of great bustle and gayety. The streets are filled, from morning till night, with well-dressed gentleman, on foot and in carriages, very few ladies venturing out of doors; while the parlors are adorned in their brightest, and the tables glitter with china, glass-ware, and plate.

Now all this is very nice. I dislike to spoil the picture. But it seems almost impossible for poor human beings to have anything perfect, and there are a great many ways of spoiling a good thing. In the first place, it is the greatest ambition of

the gentlemen to make as many calls as possible. He that makes the most calls is the best fellow. It is also the ambition of the ladies to receive a great many calls, and if any of their gentlemen acquaintance do not call on them it is considered a grievous neglect.

It follows that if a gentleman has a pretty extensive acquaintance he is kept very busy, making perhaps from thirty to fifty calls. Then you must remember that he is asked to eat something at every place, and is urged to eat much. As may be supposed, there is often some suffering from intemperance in eating.

They are not so wise as the Indians in that respect. When the Dutch settled the Mohawk Valley, the Indians, who were then living there,

adopted many of the habits of their new white neighbors. Among the rest was this of making New Year's calls. But the young Indians soon found that they could not eat a full meal at many places; and still, according to the long-established custom, it would be considered an affront to refuse the hospitalities of any one. So they prudently took along a bag, into which they put the surplus cake, and carried it home, to eat it at their leisure, or distribute among the other members of the family. This custom is continued among some of the tribes to the present day; and I once knew a young chief, who was quite a favorite in the tribe, that carried home more than a bushel of cakes in one day. Our young New-York aristocracy would probably object to carry

ing the extra sack, and so they gently crowd it all down their own throats.

But this is not the worst of it. Since the first great temperance movement died away it has become very common to place the decanter and the wine-glass on the table; yes, and porter, and brandy, and everything else that is used as a drink. And the ladies, I am sorry to say it, turn tempters, and offer the intoxicating draught.

My readers will doubtless think that this will not seriously affect our temperance boys, as they were too young to make calls; and so they were, the most of them; but George Barker was not. He was just turned sixteen. He was a thoughtful, studious lad, very little accustomed to

society, and had as yet never made New Year's calls. But within the past year he had grown six inches, so that he was quite a man in size, and, what was of still greater importance, he had laid by his roundabout, and put on a frock-coat.

His strict though somewhat worldly mamma thought it high time he should begin to go into society; and it was duly arranged that he should make New Year's calls this season with his cousin Cyrus.

They had a large circle of fashionable relatives and acquaintances, among whom Cousin Cyrus was already a great favorite, so that places for calling were not wanting. Somehow, in the anticipated pleasures of the day, George never thought of the probability of being tempted to break

his pledge, or, if he did, he intended, of course, to decline drinking, if invited to do so.

At the first two or three places where they called no liquors were on the tables, and George got on admirably. His cousin complimented him on his fine appearance, the ladies smiled on him, and he seemed in a new world of delight. He quite forgot everything but the new excitement around him; and when they did call where there were liquors on the table he did not observe them.

Bashful and excited people are not usually very accurate observers. Besides he was quite bewildered with the dazzling beauty of their young hostess. He had seen her before, as she was a family connection, and the



remembrance of her was like some beauteous dream. As she chatted gayly with Cousin Cyrus, and now and then addressed some smiling remark to him, it is no wonder he took unheeded everything she offered him. It is no wonder he mistook the glass of champagne for water or lemonade, and, following the example of cousin Cyrus, swallowed it down.

No, not quite all of it. He stopped half way of the glass, to inquire what it was, and he crimsoned deeply under her quizzical eye as she replied: "The very best champagne, Cousin George. Don't you think it nice? I heard papa say that he took great pains to get the best article, and this is some that we have had in the cellar a long time, longer than I can remember, though that is not a great while," said she

laughingly. "Have some more of it, George."

"No, I thank you, I'd rather not," said George, stammering; "I never drink it." "Some scruples, have you?" interposed Cousin Cyrus; "well, it is quite too late; you have drank half a glass already."

"Pray do finish one glass, at least," urged the lady. "I am sure it cannot hurt you. Indeed, I often take some myself," and then she sipped a little from a glass.

George could not resist this, and he drained the glass; but he left the house with a heavy heart.

Once out again, his cousin rallied him on being over nice.

"If you are not going to take any liquor," said he, "you may just as well not make any more calls, for you

will find it quite frequently, and you will only make yourself ridiculous by refusing it."

"But I've signed the pledge," said George. "Well, you have broken it now, and it can't be helped, so you may as well go on," he urged, seeing George was inclined to take his suggestion and not make any more calls. "You need not take much," he added, "if you are afraid of it; just a sip to pass it off."

George felt better when at the next call he saw no liquors on the table, and at still the next, when Cyrus kindly got him excused from taking any.

After this call his cousin patronizingly said: "You see, George, there are some places like the last where it will do to excuse one's self, and I'll

do it for you when I can ; but now we are going to call at Major Doane's, and I hope you'll not make yourself and me so ridiculous as to refuse a taste. If you should, I should hardly be able ever to make up a face to call there again."

The sumptuous elegance of the apartments charmed George, and the dignity of the lady awed him.

"Don't you like the wine, my young friend?" said she graciously, as he put down the barely tasted glass. "It is the pure juice of the grape, which we have had specially manufactured for our own use."

So George tasted it again. He had heard so much said about the adulterations of wine, that if this was pure he wanted to try it, and he drank a little more.

The champagne began to work in his head by this time, so that it was much easier to drink more; and he "just tasted" a little at nearly every call. The company, the brilliancy of the day, the general hilarity greatly raised his spirits. He thought he never enjoyed anything so much before. He was glad to find that the new circle whose acquaintance he was that day making contained so many elegant people; in short, he was in excellent good-humor with himself and all the world.

It was late that afternoon that Miss Amelia Martin stood half concealed by the heavy folds of the window drapery looking into the street below. She had been permitted to assist her mother at their temperately, but tastefully spread table, until she was

quite wearied with excitement. Seizing a favorable opportunity, when no one was in, she stole away to the deep recess of the window to cool her burning cheeks, and watch the outdoor scenes.

Couples and parties of gentlemen were hurrying along, arm in arm, with cigars in their mouths, and some were more leisurely sporting their canes and chatting with great glee. But it did not escape her eye that there were many that wore a flushed face and carried themselves with an uncertain step. These were mostly young men, quite young, and Amelia thought sadly that probably many of them had that day drank for the first time, had that day first played with the viper that might hereafter sting them to death.

And she was glad with a childlike joy, as she thought how free their own table was from all that could tempt to indulgence in the fatal draught. There was not even the flavor of brandy or wine in pie, cake, or sweetmeat, and her mother's gentle voice had more than once advised their youthful visitors to beware of aught that might bring repentance on the morrow. And a tear of gratitude trembled in the eye of the thoughtful maiden that she was blest with such a home, and that her youthful hand had never been lent to the fearful task of beckoning her dear young friends from the blessed walks of temperance.

Just then two young men passed, one of whom she thought she had seen before, but she could not recall his name. He saw her, and bowed

unsteadily, half losing his balance, and the next minute he was ascending the steps. It was George Barker. He had recognized the place where he took his thanksgiving dinner, and he must call. His cousin, who by this time was quite ashamed of his own work, and was getting him home as fast as he could, tried in vain to dissuade him from entering; but George declared that he had been calling on "Cy's friends" all day, and now Cy should make one call with him on his friends.

We need not say how shocked they all were on recognizing the condition of the temperance boys' secretary, and Mr. Martin, who was now at home, took an early opportunity of bowing him out, assuring him that he was half sick, and ought to go home.



O! it is shocking to see one whom we have learned to love and respect quite make a fool of himself, actually in some cases going about the streets with less decent behavior than a respectable dog. And I wonder how any man in his right mind can see another man thus behave, and then go and make a like spectacle of himself.

But George Barker was not the only sufferer on that day. Let us trace one other instance.

Among the most boisterous of those who sallied out on that gay morning was Clifford Nash, the early and determined opposer of the temperance boys. Though he was quite too young, his indulgent mamma could not resist his importunities to allow him to make calls. Indeed, they were

rather demands than importunities. He "would go and make calls, and that was all there was about it."

His father interposed, saying that he might accompany him in his carriage in the afternoon; but the spoiled boy, made so much ado about it that he was permitted to go in the morning, with the injunction that he should be back in the afternoon to go with his father.

"Hurrah for young America!" he shouted when he reached the rendezvous, and met the young fellow that was to accompany him. "If dad thinks he'll get me back in the afternoon to trot round with him in his slow coach he is mistaken. I believe in fast horses; don't you, Ed?" and off they started for the livery stable, where they were acquainted, and

soon engaged a horse and light buggy.

His parents had no idea of such a maneuver, but some of his profuse holiday pocket money had been saved up with special reference to this occasion.

They fancied they made a great dash when they started out, and I suppose they did; for every one stared to see two such young lads with a fast horse; but if they stared in the morning, there was much greater occasion for it before three o'clock.

The tables at every house where they called were spread with liquors, of which Cliff and his friend partook quite sparingly, at least so they thought; but the mingling of different kinds of liquors was quite too much for them, and they were soon more

giddy than usual, which was quite unnecessary.

A policeman who saw them spinning along, almost thought it his duty to stop them, and it would have been a mercy to them if he had; but they drove too fast to make that quite convenient. They turned into Broadway with a sweep; but in attempting to run before an omnibus which was fast coming up, the buggy was caught with a violent jerk, and they were both thrown to the ground.

They were each carried home to their parents senseless, and when Cliff awoke to consciousness he found himself a cripple for life, his right ankle having been completely smashed under the wheel of the omnibus. His arm was also broken; but this soon healed. His friend lost an eye.

Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

When Jefferson Townley heard of this he humbly acknowledged a kind providence that had preserved him from such a fate. For had not this temperance movement separated them, he would probably still have been one of Cliff's most intimate friends, and most likely have been with him in the buggy when this accident happened.

## CHAPTER IX.

## CONCLUSION.

THE next meeting in Temperance Hall was a sad one. The first comers gathered around the stove, conversing in low tones, and the gloom deepened on their countenances as, one after another, three of their number were mentioned as having fallen from their integrity on New Year's day. What course would be pursued by these members, or toward them, was an important question. They loved them. They hoped the offenders would not remain away, and be shy of them. Jeff said nothing. He alone had

carried out the Scripture principle, "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. If he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

After the meeting was called to order there was an expressive silence; the secretary's chair was vacant, and they all felt as if some great calamity had befallen them.

Then the chairman remarked that they would be obliged to elect some one *pro tem.* to take the place of the secretary in his absence. Willie Rathbone was elected.

After the roll had been called, and some business about cleaning and warming the hall had been transacted, several of the members related their New Year's doings, and their observa-

tions showing that they at least had, not forgotten the spirit of their pledge, nor their promise to do all in their power to drive King Alcohol from the nation and the world.

The little company felt greatly cheered when the door opened and in walked George Barker. Willie rose to resign his seat; but George shook his head, and sat down in the back part of the room. When the boy who was then speaking sat down George arose.

“My friends,” said he, “I see you are all aware of my sad betrayal of our common principles. I have come to make my confession.”

And then he stated the facts, so far as he could recollect them, in an humbled tone and manner that show-



ed his real sorrow for his misdeeds. "I have yielded," said he, "to a foolish fear of appearing singular, the fear of ridicule, the meanest principle a boy can acknowledge, and one to which I hope I shall never yield again. It has cost me something to make this confession ; indeed, I do not believe I should have had courage to do it, had it not been for a kind visit from Jeff Townley. He begged me not to throw myself away because I had done one wrong.

"I hear that two or three others have done as I did, and I see they are not here to-day. Now you that are acquainted with them go to them, and persuade them to come back. It may save them from being drunkards yet.

“As to my case you must do what you think best with me. I am very sorry for what I have done, and would like to remain a member of the society if you will let me do so, trusting that you will never again have occasion to find fault with me.”

One of the boys immediately made a motion that he should be forgiven and restored to his office, and it was passed. He walked up to the desk, and signed the pledge again, and though he tried to refuse his office it was forced upon him, and he was again seated in the secretary's chair.

It was a rare and affecting sight for a boy like him, at an age when boys are apt to feel most consequential, to get up and confess to that little

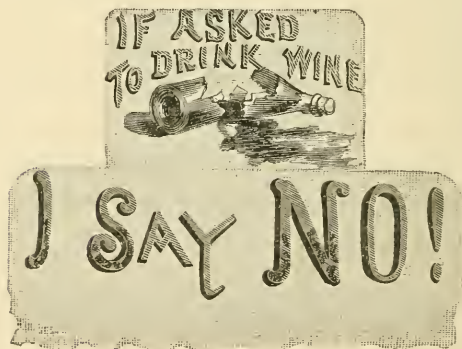
assembly, as if they had been his fathers and his uncles, instead of being his schoolmates, and most of them his juniors. It showed an excellent trait of character, which would afterward shine out nobly in the man.

They followed his advice in their kind treatment of the other erring ones, and they were all brought back.

From this time their hearts were more closely knit together, they took a deeper and more kindly interest in each other's welfare, and watched more intently against the common foe.

We may not follow our temperance heroes on to manhood; but we believe that those who are spared to see that

time will have reason to bless God, in all their social and business relations, that they have embraced strict temperance principles; and that they will cherish as some of their dearest friends those with whom they were once associated as "THE TEMPERANCE BOYS."



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